MODERN SCREEN

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DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE

516

"The Men I Love"—Betty Hutton

DEC 27 43



If Cupid's been somewhat unfair . . .
Then tempt him now with shining hair!

No other shampoo

leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!



A HONEY OF A HAIR-DO for the girl with long, thick hair. The shining-smooth coronet roll is newer than braids—and the chignon, rolled low on the neck, is very flattering. Before styling, the hair was washed with Special Drene, which deserves the credit for the extra lustre and the alluring smoothness.

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

A girl's best bet for making a dent in the heart of that handsome male is glamorous hair . . . lovely, shining hair that sparkles and gleams with highlights!

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its natural lustre.

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember . . . Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!





Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

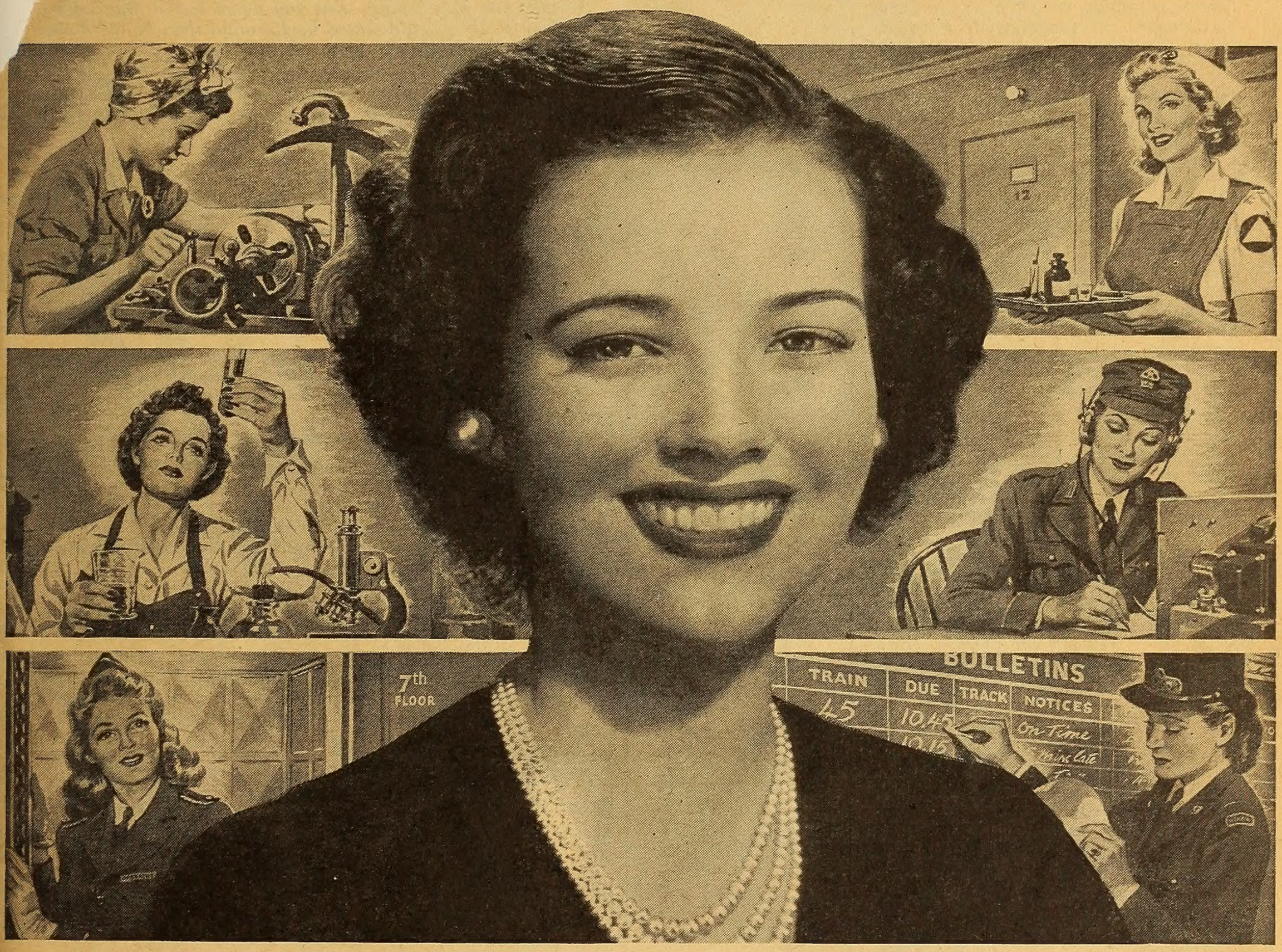
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After Hours—

turn heads and hearts with a sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE WORKING on the home front—backing our heroes on the battle front. But when your day's stint is done—it's time for relaxation—for fun, for dates and romance.

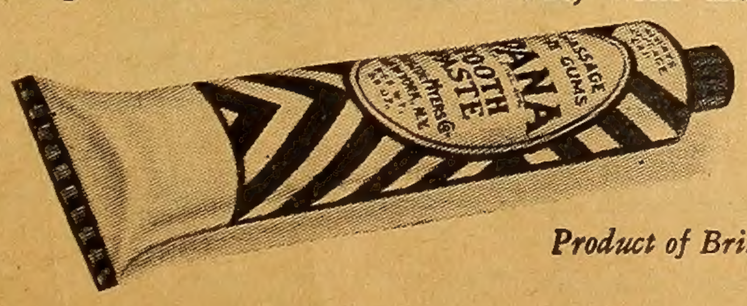
Do you need beauty to win hearts? Not at all! Look at the popular girls about you. Few can claim real beauty. But they all know *how to smile!*

So let your smile be bright—warm hearts with its magic! But for that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* He may tell you that soft foods have denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help make gums firmer. Let Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier, more attractive smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now.

What can *you* do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

MODERN SCREEN

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

On all the Broadways of America, there's a milling to get into the most extravagant extravaganza in years entitled "Thousands Cheer".

★ ★ ★ ★

It is "M-G-M's Thousands Cheer" if you please, for practically every big name on the big roster of that big studio is represented in the cast.

★ ★ ★ ★



It is essentially a love story that revolves around Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly. But they are the baton wavers in a parade that brings out the exact and thoroughly demonstrated talents of—

★ ★ ★ ★

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien, Frank Morgan, Lena Horne—Shall we go on?

★ ★ ★ ★



Oh very well—Marsha Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, Margaret O'Brien, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, John Conte, Sara Haden—getting winded?

★ ★ ★ ★

Well—Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy, Don Loper and Maxine Barrat—whew!

★ ★ ★ ★



Plus three great name bands—Kay Kyser and Orchestra, Bob Crosby and Orchestra, Benny Carter and Band.

★ ★ ★ ★

And lest we forget, the incomparable Jose Iturbi not only plays his immortal piano but acts like a Lunt.



★ ★ ★ ★

This remarkable three-ringed show is photographed in Technicolor, directed by George Sidney and produced by the veteran Joseph Pasternak. It is an original screen play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins who dreamed up a dream of a story about Private Miss Jones.

★ ★ ★ ★



It has the true Army flavor. That's why the most important letters in "Thousands Cheer" are U.S.A.

★ ★ ★ ★



You'll be one of the millions to cheer M-G-M's Thousands. We're in it too—at the very beginning we roar. —*Leo*

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BILL WEINBERGER, ***Art Editor***
JACK WILKES, ***Photographer***

Editorial Assistants: Kay Hardy, Annette Bellinger, Sylvia Katz. Service Dept.: Ann Ward. Information Desk: Beverly Linet

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LOVE STORY OF AN ARMY CAMP



DIRECT FROM ITS WORLD PREMIERE ENGAGEMENT AT BROADWAY'S FAMED ASTOR THEATRE!

MGM'S

GRAND MUSICAL HIT

THOUSANDS CHEER

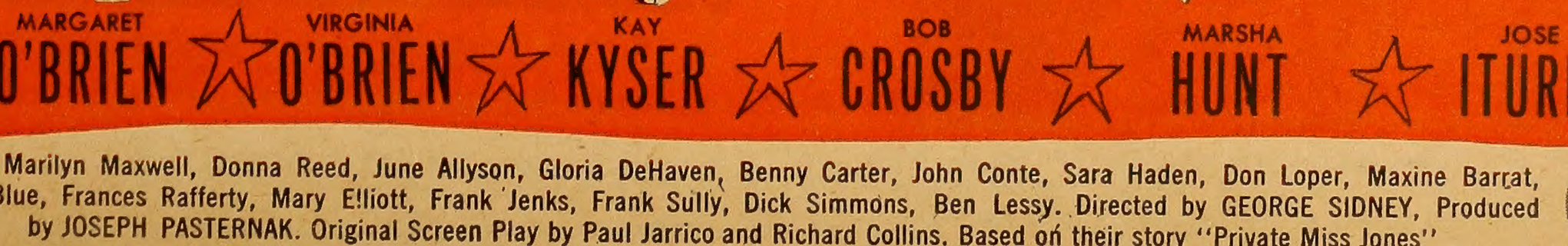
30 STARS! 3 GREAT BANDS!



KATHRYN GRAYSON ☆ GENE KELLY ☆ MICKEY ROONEY ☆ JUDY GARLAND ☆ LUCILLE BALL ☆ RED SKELTON



ELEANOR POWELL ☆ ANN SOTHERN ☆ MARY ASTOR ☆ LENA HORNE ☆ FRANK MORGAN ☆ JOHN BOLES



MARGARET O'BRIEN ☆ VIRGINIA O'BRIEN ☆ KAY KYSER ☆ BOB CROSBY ☆ MARSHA HUNT ☆ JOSE ITURBI

Also: Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, Benny Carter, John Conte, Sara Haden, Don Loper, Maxine Barrat, Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy. Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY, Produced by JOSEPH PASTERNAK. Original Screen Play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins. Based on their story "Private Miss Jones"

By Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS



Penniless Steve Baird (Dick Powell) needs money to finance a silver mine. "Doctor" Mortimer Slocum (Vic Moore) gives him several $1,000 bills "to flaunt but not to spend!"



The scheme works, and Dick's friends, thinking he's rich, gladly invest in his scheme. Meanwhile, Vic is pursued by Tess (Cass Daley), owner of ranch where they're staying.



When Dick meets burlesque queen Ann Castle (Dottie Lamour) he falls like a ton of bricks. Trouble begins when law puts clamps on Vic, who counterfeited greenbacks!

RIDING HIGH

Here's some merry musical nonsense, with Dorothy Lamour playing an ex-burlesque queen. Dottie carries her costume for this one around in her handbag—and it's not a very big handbag, either! Dick Powell plays the handsome hero, Victor Moore has his best part of the year, and Milt Britton and his band produce some nice tunes.

If you *have* money, you don't need to spend it. That's an old principle, neatly illustrated by the late John D. Rockefeller's habit of passing out dimes as tips. If anyone else tipped a waiter a dime he'd get a Mickey Finn in his demi-tasse, but John D. was a multimillionaire, so it was O.K. If you have a few thousand dollar bills tucked away in your dirndl, you won't need a mink coat or a diamond bracelet. Just flash one of the bills, and everyone will start asking you to dinner.

This valuable lesson should be taught to us all at an early age. Dick Powell, as Steve Baird, doesn't learn it until he meets "Doctor" Mortimer Slocum (Victor Moore). (*Continued on page 10*)



As last resort Vic bets $20,000 "hot money" vs. Cass' rival's 20 grand on a wagon race. Insures victory by sawing axle of what he *thinks* is enemy's wagon. See pic for results!

GLORIFYING THE ALL-AMERICAN *PIN UP* GIRL!



Here's the girl in every service-man's dreams . . . set to music, set to dancing, set to loving . . . in a musical you'll never forget!

Betty GRABLE in

PIN UP GIRL

in Technicolor!

with JOHN HARVEY · MARTHA RAYE · JOE E. BROWN

EUGENE PALLETTE · SKATING VANITIES

CHARLIE SPIVAK AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Directed by BRUCE HUMBERSTONE · Produced by WILLIAM LE BARON

Screen Play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan and Earl Baldwin



You'll laugh your head off when Martha and Joe get together again!

SONGS THEY'LL BE SINGING FROM BROADWAY TO GUADALCANAL!

"You're My Little Pin Up Girl"
"Time Alone Will Tell"
"This Is It"
"Once Too Often"
"Yankee Doodle Hayride"
"The Story of the Very Merry Widow"
"Don't Carry Tales Out of School"
"Red Robins, Bob Whites and Blue Birds"
by Mack Gordon and James Monaco

Make your Christmas gift a War Bond. Your Movie Theatre is happy to serve you.

Another **BIG** *one in* 20th CENTURY-FOX'S *mighty parade of* HITS!

ORSON WELLES • JOAN FONTAINE *in* **JANE EYRE**

EDWARD G. ROBINSON • LYNN BARI *in* **TAMPICO**

MERLE OBERON • GEORGE SANDERS • LAIRD CREGAR *in* **THE LODGER**

Three great DARRYL F. ZANUCK productions: **THE PURPLE HEART • WILSON • WENDELL WILLKIE'S ONE WORLD**



"Higher and Higher" Crossword Puzzle

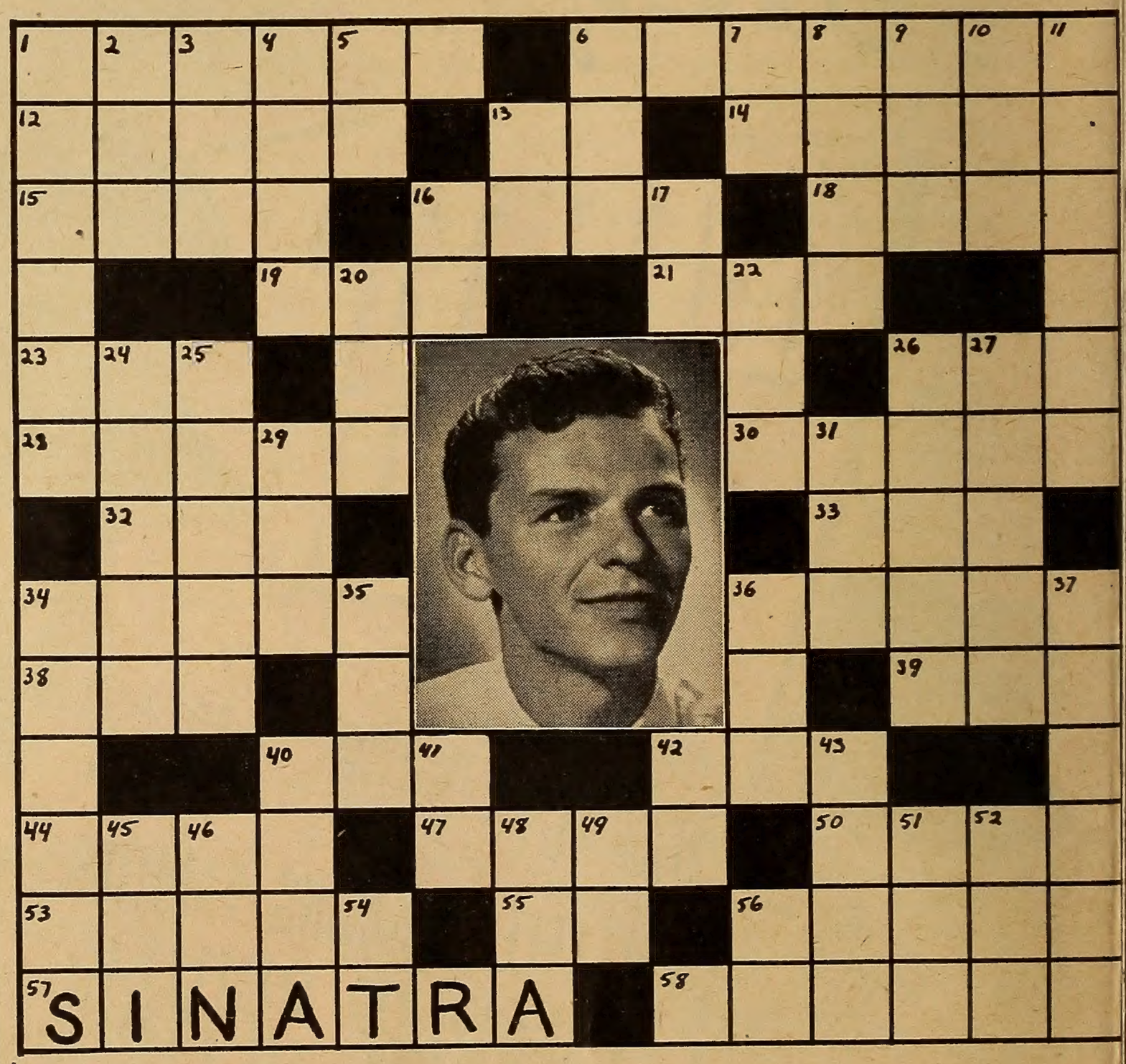
See page 18 for contest details

ACROSS

1. Miss Drake
6. Miss Morgan
12. A musical drama
13. Myself
14. A couch
15. Permits
16. Millie met Fitzroy Wilton at a ——
18. Those who make debuts (Millie and Katherine)
19. Bind
21. Mineral
23. Streets (abbr.)
26. That which is owed
28. Plays Mike
30. Unfastens
32. Sack
33. Aged
34. What Sinatra sings
36. Where Millie goes before the wedding
38. Small bed
39. Fuss
40. Part of the body
42. Advertisements (abbr.)
44. Animal's den
47. Dissolve—what Sinatra does to his fans
50. Musical wind instrument
53. Coarse cotton goods
55. Second note of scale
56. Secreting organ in the body
57. The lad in the picture
58. Mr. Wilson

DOWN

1. Make polite and refined—as Millie was
2. Monkey
3. Encountered
4. Formerly (rare)
5. Sixth note of scale
6. Mr. Torme
7. Casting director (abbr.)
8. Animal's skin
9. First woman
10. Laboratory (abbr.)
11. Follows
13. Mother
16. To exist
17. Behold
20. Plays Mr. Whiffen
22. Studio producing "Higher and Higher"
24. Forbidden—place a curse upon
25. At an angle
26. Deposit at river mouth
27. Loosen
29. What a bird lays
31. Cooking utensil
34. Burns with a hot liquid
35. Masculine title of respect
36. Conjunction
37. Humorous movie, as "Higher and Higher"
40. A melody
41. Plays Millie (initials)
42. Preposition
43. Mr. Sinatra singing alone
45. First three vowels
46. What the Drake mansion used to be
48. A period of time
49. Plays Mr. Drake (initials)
51. Balance (abbr.)
52. Single unit
54. Plays Marty (initials)
56. To depart



Modern Screen's Contest Series—No. 1: "Higher and Higher"

Please Print or Type

Full name.....

Street..... City..... State.....

My definition for Sinatra is.....

.....

Mail this puzzle and coupon to Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

THE SINATRA SHOW!

IT'S THE SEASON'S TOPS! in LOVE! in LAUGHS! in SONGS! in STARS!

Wait'll you see and hear Frankie wow 'em as he woos 'em with song! It's an entertainment treat that'll make your heart skip a beat!

MICHELE MORGAN
JACK HALEY
FRANK SINATRA

in

"HIGHER and HIGHER"

WITH

LEON ERROL · MARCY McGUIRE
PAUL and GRACE HARTMAN
BARBARA HALE · DOOLEY WILSON

Produced and Directed by Tim Whelan

Screen Play by Jay Dratler and Ralph Spence
Additional Dialogue by William Bowers and Howard Harris

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Hear Frankie Sing His Own Hit Parade! "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night," "The Music Stopped," "You Belong in a Love Song," "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening."



MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

Steve is so broke he's thinking of turning himself in to the salvage drive. He has a silver mine but no silver. He's sold a part interest in the mine to a nice old boy named Castle, and now he'd like to buy it back so he could go into the Army with a clear conscience. He'd like to even *before* he meets Castle's daughter, Ann (Dorothy Lamour), who is "resting" between burlesque engagements.

That's when Steve encounters Mortimer Slocum. The "Doctor," an amiable gentleman in a faded Prince Albert, kindly provides him with several thousand-dollar bills. "Don't spend them," he says. "Just show them to people." So Steve, somewhat mystified, shows them to his old college classmates who have been pretty condescending lately. They do the double take of all time and jump to the conclusion that the silver mine has started paying off. They shower him with checks for shares in the property, and Steve believes he can start the mine producing.

Ann arrives on the scene just then, and, looking over the checks and thousand-dollar bills, thinks Steve has been holding out on her father. He has the devil's own time explaining, but finally he gets her out in the moonlight and sings her a couple of songs, which fixes everything. In fact, the world has taken on a distinctly rosy glow, when Steve finds out that the bills he's been showing around so airily are only a reasonable facsimile of the stuff the government puts out. In a word, the "Doctor" is a counterfeiter.

It's quite a blow, particularly since the local sheriff, a dim-witted character called "Foggy" (Gil Lamb), has spotted Slocum. He has matched up his picture with the one on the "Wanted" posters, and the chase is on. But in order to arrest Slocum, Foggy must catch him in possession of the counterfeit money. And right now Steve, not Slocum, has it. The hand is quicker than the eye, and from here on practically nobody knows where the money is at any given time.

Meanwhile, Tess (Cass Daley), the lady owner of the dude ranch where they are staying, is pursuing Dr. Slocum with intentions that are all too honorable. He isn't interested—he's too busy playing Cupid, trying to find a way to help Steve get Ann, plus some *real* money. There is to be a "chuck wagon" race, as a climax to a local celebration, and Tess is scheduled to drive a wagon. When Slocum sees a sample of her driving, he's sure she'll win. He bets twenty thousand dollars (counterfeit) against her rival's twenty grand (government issue), and the race begins. Slocum has taken the precaution of sawing through the axle of the wagon which he thinks belongs to the rival, but he finds out too late that it's the one Tess is to drive. The result is a burlesque race to end all races.

Paramount seems to have a nice gay touch with its escapist comedies, and this one is especially recommended.—*Par.*

P. S.

This is the first time Milt Britton's zany band has been filmed, although they've been doing musical acts in vaudeville and night clubs for 12 years . . . For their movie debut they perform their hilarious rendition of the "Poet and Peasant Overture," which concludes with Gil Lamb crashing through a grand piano . . . Breakaway duplicates of a stageful of musical instruments, chairs and music stands were made for this scene. In one number, 25 violins and two full-sized grand piano props are smashed to smithereens . . . Near tragedy when one of Gil's opponents got hold of a solid chair by mistake and whopped him over the head with it . . . One of the largest scenic panorama backgrounds ever made was painted for an outdoor production number in "Riding High." It's an Arizona desert scene of sand, cacti and rock formations with the blue range of the Santa Ritas rising in the distance. Scene was painted in two sections, and the total length was 310 feet. It stands 30 feet high. Took artist, P. T. Blackburn, and his two assistants, only seven days to complete it . . . Only location trip was made to Tucson, Arizona. Only camera man and stunt men made the trip, however, and all the shooting necessary was done in a few days.

MADAME CURIE

Every once in a while a picture comes along which reminds us of the extraordinary advance Hollywood has made in the last 25 years. Back in the days of Keystone comedies, none would have believed that people would go to see a picture about the scientific discovery of radium. But people *will* go, and they'll find it as exciting as any serial.

"Madame Curie" as a story has tremendous dramatic tension. And you'll be carried away by the triumphant performances of Greer Garson as Marie Curie, and Walter Pidgeon as Pierre, her husband. Their long years of labor together have poignant overtones which will bring a lump to your throat. Eve Curie, their daughter, wrote the biography on which the picture is based, so every scene in it rings true.

Back in 1892, we find a young Parisian scientist named Pierre Curie, who is at the moment a very disturbed young man. He has promised to let a student share his laboratory, and now he has found to his consternation that the student is a girl. "Woman is the natural enemy of science," he tells his assistant, David (Robert Walker), forebodingly. "No true scientist should have anything to do with women."

But of course Marie Sklodovska is not an ordinary woman. She is first and foremost a scientist. Pierre soon changes his mind—and his heart. In less than a year he and Marie are married. Marie is working for her doctor's degree, and the subject of her work is the strange radiation given off by pitch-blende. None knows its cause, and Marie is determined to find out. After a few experiments, she and Pierre realize that she has stumbled on an entirely new element. They decide to call it radium, and they devote the next five years of their lives to trying to isolate it. At the end of that time all they have to show for their heroic, almost unbelievable labor, is a faint, luminous stain on a saucer in the dark. They have found radium, but their task has only begun. . . .

Few of us are given the courage, persistence and devotion of Marie and Pierre Curie. But seeing this magnificent story come alive on the screen is an inspiration to us all.

Pierre's father and mother, as played by Henry Travers and Dame May Whitty, contribute much to the picture.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

To prepare themselves for their roles,

(Continued on page 12)

YOUR HEART WILL SING

The Desert Song

It's WARNER BROS.' LYRICAL MIRACLE!

FILMED IN TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

DENNIS MORGAN ☆ IRENE MANNING

with

BRUCE CABOT · LYNNE OVERMAN

GENE LOCKHART · Directed by ROBERT FLOREY

Produced by ROBERT BUCKNER • Based Upon a Play by Lawrence Schwab, Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Sigmund Romberg and Frank Mandel • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT A WAR BOND—YOUR MOVIE THEATRE IS HAPPY TO SERVE YOU



FACTS ABOUT A VITAL PROBLEM

every wife should understand

Safe new way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

● Your happiness—your very health—can depend on whether or not you know the real facts about the vital problem of feminine hygiene!

Many women, who think they know, depend on out-dated or dangerous information . . . make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today modern, well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories which spread a greaseless, protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and *give continuous medication for hours.*

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 7130-A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....



Zonitors — SO CONVENIENT

(*Continued from page 10*)

Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon went over the script together, added several simple, everyday things to give their characterizations warmth, exchanged ideas about what the Curies must have been like . . . James Hilton, author of "Random Harvest" and other best sellers, was narrator for some of the sequences in the film. Has a very distinctive, unusual voice . . . Bob Walker gets another acting plum as second male lead, approached his first scenes slightly tongue-tied. Was completely thawed out in no time by that special Garson charm . . . Walter Pidgeon's shoes got an "extra" a job. When the man had to have another pair to get a speaking part as a waiter, Walter loaned him a pair of his 13 triple C's.

CROSS OF LORRAINE

This is type casting at its best. M-G-M has given Jean Pierre Aumont the part of a sergeant in the French Army. Jean Pierre *was* a sergeant in the French Army, so he is very good at it indeed. In fact, he's even better than he was in "Assignment in Brittany," and you remember how he won your heart in that.

He plays a soldier named Paul. Paul is a brave man, but he is too reasonable to be a good fighter—he sees both sides of everything. When Marshal Petain decrees an armistice, Paul persuades his companions to lay down their arms. The Germans have promised to send them back to rebuild their homes—surely that is better than to be dead heroes! Victor doesn't agree with him. Victor (Gene Kelly) doesn't trust German promises. They find how right he is when they are tricked into going to a concentration camp instead of back to France. After that, Paul comes to hate the Germans with a feeling that is as deep and perhaps more bitter than Victor's. He has gotten his comrades into this—some way he will get them out.

Meanwhile they are subjected to the constant brutality and sadism of the German sergeant, Breger (Peter Lorre). Not just physical cruelty, although there is plenty of that, but small mental tortures that are even worse. Things are made bearable only by the deep courage of a Catholic priest, Father Sebastian (Sir Cedric Hardwick), and by the devotion and skill of Dr. Francois Le Maire (Richard Whorf).

The plan which Paul finally evolves for their escape is so dangerous that it seems impossible it will work at all. But sometimes Nazi viciousness can be turned against itself—and Paul is a clever man. They do escape from the camp, but they are not free of Nazi power which holds their beloved France in a strangling net. Paul and Victor defy that power in a scene that will make you stand up and cheer.

This may be a propaganda picture, but you'll admit it's effective. The whole cast is magnificent, and includes, besides those already mentioned, Tonio Selwart, Joseph Calleia and Hume Cronyn.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

This was Jean Pierre's last film before leaving for Africa to join the Fighting French Army. Spent his last day at the studio bidding good-by to pals, shaking hands all around, promising to send postcards . . . Author Robert Aisner was the second member of the "Cross of Lorraine" company to enlist in the same Army. Aisner formerly was a lieutenant in the French Army, was captured during the German invasion and imprisoned in 1940. Screenplay of the picture was based on his experiences in the prison camp . . . Hume Cronyn was signed to a long term contract after M-G-M executives saw rushes of the first few days' work. Cronyn debuted in films as the timid armchair criminologist in "Shadow of a Doubt" . . . Richard Whorf held an exhibition of his paintings at a local art gallery, sold most of 'em right off the walls the first day . . . During production Jean Pierre and Maria Montez were married. Charles Boyer was best man, Jeannine Crispin, matron of honor . . . Gene Kelly is still head of a chain of Eastern dancing schools, started before he entered pictures and was better known for his hoofing than his acting . . . Kelly spent time between scenes teaching songs to Aumont, who in turn will sing them for his compatriots in the French Army.

THE MAN FROM DOWN UNDER

It's odd the way any picture in which Charles Laughton appears turns out to be strictly a Charles Laughton picture. The rest of the cast is apparently just there for background, like the scenery. There's no question about Laughton being a great actor, and when his role is sufficiently interesting, nobody minds his being in every scene. Fortunately, this is the case in "The Man from Down Under." "Jocko" Wilson is a fascinating character—you can't get too much of him.

It all begins at the end of World War I, with "Jocko" sailing from France back to his native Australia. He is gloriously drunk and has completely forgotten that he had a date to marry one Aggie Dawlins (Binnie Barnes) before he sailed. But he isn't so drunk that he forgot to smuggle a

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

Remember the way it goes? Below there are 20 clues. On pgs. 65 and 77 there are two more sets of clues, and on page 92 are the answers. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score, you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at five points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star for you. Simple, no? Go ahead, you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 60's normal this time, 70's good, 88 or so is in our class this month, and anything over is strictly genius. No fair peeking at page 92 for the answers, either.

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Crane's dame
2. Rooting for Ronnie
3. Ray is gay!
4. In Livvy's footsteps
5. Pasteur
6. G-stringer
7. Ex-elevator girl
8. Shuttles between B'way and H'wood
9. Lassie's master
10. Janie's jumpin'
11. Concert-hall heart-throb
12. Yodeling cowgirl
13. Benny's Man Friday
14. Among first stars to wear khaki
15. Divorce plans jolted H'wood
16. Gadding with Gabin
17. Discovered Ginny
18. Powers girl
19. Star of "silents" (has accent)
20. Astaire's youngest dancing partner

(*Next set of clues on page 65*)

couple of little Belgian orphans aboard ship. They are a boy and girl he found in a street fight, and they already adore "Jocko" with utter devotion.

Time marches on, in Australia as elsewhere, and the boy orphan grows into "Nipper" Wilson (Richard Carlson), contender for the Empire Boxing Championship, with "Jocko" as his manager. The girl, Mary (Donna Reed), whom "Nipper" believes to be his sister, has been away at an exclusive finishing school, but she comes home to see "Nipper" try for the championship. It's a tough fight, and when "Nipper" finally wins, he has injured his shoulder so that the doctors say he will never be able to box again.

"Jocko," who wagered every cent he could lay hands on, and some he couldn't, on "Nipper," has won enough to buy a hotel in the country. It's a fine hotel—it has everything but guests. When one finally does appear, complete with maid, chauffeur and limousine, she turns out to be Aggie Dawlins. Aggie is bent on revenge for the way "Jocko" left her waiting at the church. She wins the hotel away from him in a crap game, and about that same time "Nipper" walks out on the family. "Jocko" can take the first blow, but the second breaks his heart. He doesn't know that "Nipper" had to leave because he felt a most unbrotherly affection for Mary.

It takes World War II to iron out all these problems. The climax is wonderful—and undiluted Laughton.—*M-G-M.*

BUTTON YOUR LIP!

If you're dying for Johnny to get those furlough papers for Xmas (and we certainly hope he does), you just can't be nosey! Don't you dare ply him with "Where have you been?" and "Where are you going?" If he drops maybe just a hint, keep it under your bonnet. You know the one about the walls having ears!

P. S.

Richard Carlson trained for his fight scenes with former middleweight champ Freddie Steele . . . Binnie Barnes once cured herself of smoking too many cigarettes by changing to a tiny trick pipe. Now smokes only two cigarettes a day, has given up the pipe altogether . . . Carlson went through the embarrassing procedure of attending farewell parties when he was scheduled to leave for Navy duty, then showing up for work again to face all his friends who had given him bon voyage presents. Last minute, Navy changed his orders, postponed his call.

GUNG HO

Remember the pictures in Life magazine a while ago of Colonel Carlson and his Marine raiders? Universal has made a picture based on their expedition, and it's a thriller-diller. The title, "Gung Ho," is Chinese for "work together," and that's the way the raiders do it.

Just the regular training a guy goes through to get to be a Marine is tough enough. But the training given the lads who are to be sent on a special commando-type mission—well, even Superman would

(*Continued on page 16*)



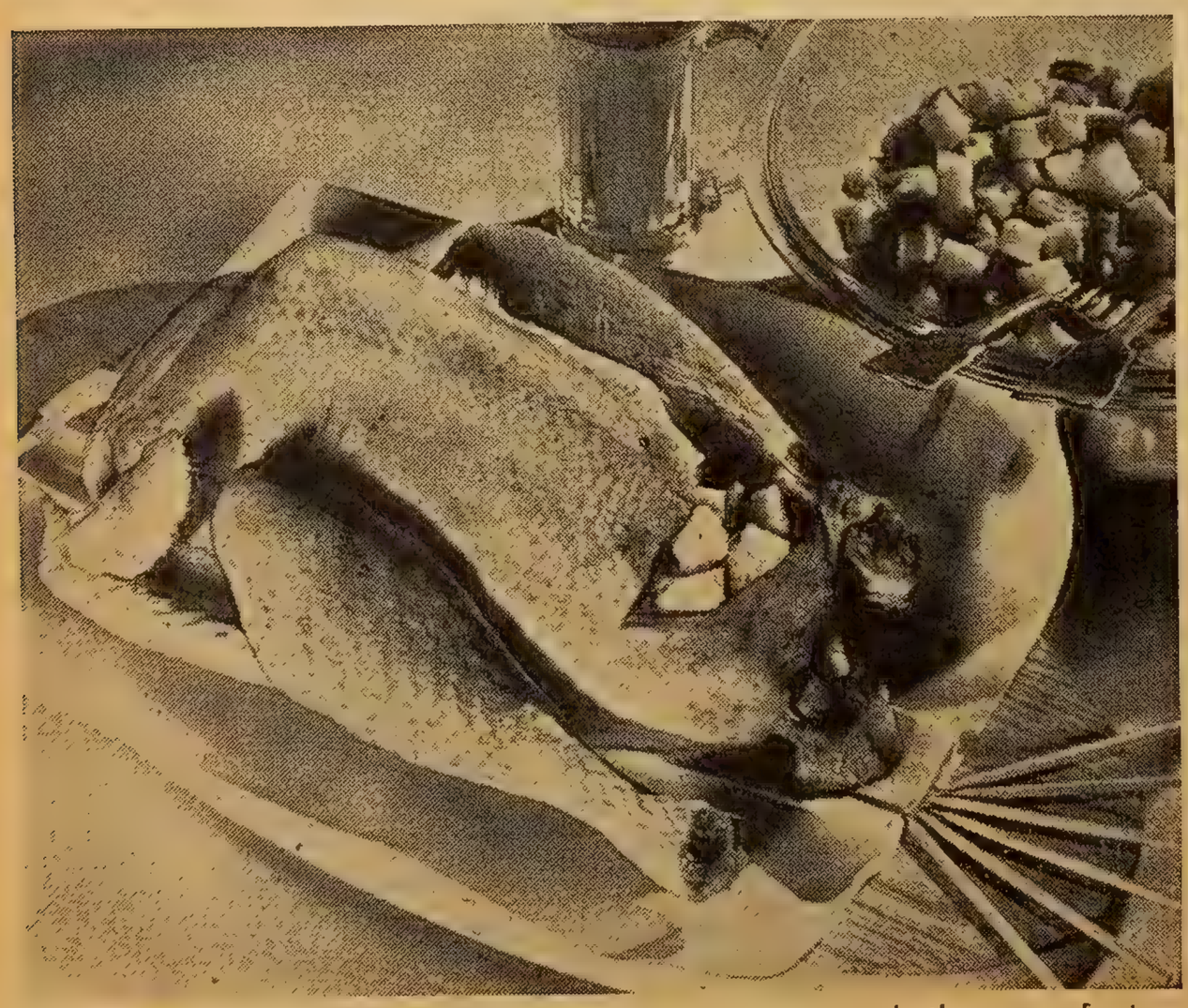
By Marjorie Deen

"Uniform" Hospitality

Let's all resolve to invite boys in service to share our holiday feasts.



Irene Manning, Warner Bros.' lovely new singing star, now appearing in "The Desert Song," is shown here entertaining Marine Neil Thomas, Seaman Waldo A. Rowell and soldier Dick McMullen at a turkey dinner.



When *you* prepare a poultry dinner for servicemen—whether you feature turkey, capon, goose or chicken—make success doubly certain by having plenty of flavorsome stuffing because the boys go for it in a big way!

So near and dear to every serviceman's heart is the subject of food that there are those who claim—and we think rightly—that where our boys in uniform are concerned, there is no more effective morale builder than a good, home-cooked meal!

This opinion is shared by Irene Manning, Warners' lovely new singing star. And Irene certainly ought to know. First off because she is a war time bride herself and has first-hand information on how her own serviceman feels about a dinner that features *homemade* specialties and that is served on a snowy tablecloth with gleaming silverware and all the trimmings! Secondly, Irene recently asked three boys from different branches of our armed services to share a big turkey dinner with her. "And you should have heard them rave and *seen them eat,*" she told us with a reminiscent chuckle.

Fortunately a camera man was on hand to catch their pleased expressions so that you can actually see for yourself how delighted they were with the fine fare that Irene provided for their enjoyment. Of course we'd be the first to admit—having met Irene—that the charm and beauty of the hostess contributed greatly to the success of the occasion. But the home atmosphere and the home cooking also played star roles in this particular picture.

If you want to garner *your* share of appreciative smiles and heartfelt thanks, too, then make it one of your 1944 Good Resolutions to ask some of the lonely, homesick boys from nearby camps to your house for dinner, often—especially on holidays!

"But what about the necessary food points?" you may well ask. Well, Miss Manning has some suggestions to offer along those lines. First, she advises building your menu around poultry. Not necessarily turkey, either; because roast duck, goose, chicken or capon will also receive a hearty welcome from guests and family alike. That is, as Irene sagely remarked, if you also provide a liberal amount of rich brown gravy and plenty of tasty bread stuffing.

Irene further advises omitting the first course entirely in favor of a simple salad served right along with the main course. Team up now-plentiful white potatoes with turnips for the necessary vegetable accompaniment; or serve sweet potatoes with some other inexpensive fresh vegetable and your point score will be gratifyingly low!

End the meal with a Steamed Fig Pudding which gets its fine flavor from this flavorsome, non-rationed fruit and its unusual color from a most surprising source—as you'll discover when you study the recipe. Such a meal would be a festive one indeed—worthy of your best efforts and of your uniformed guests.

By the way if you ever have any questions you'd like to ask about recipes or rationing, be sure to drop us a postal or letter, and it will take but a short time for the Modern Screen envelope to reach you with our reply. For we realize that food is more important now than ever before, and we want to help you in every way we can to make the best possible use of today's often limited food supplies.

SAVORY STUFFING

For a 10-15-pound turkey plan on using two 1-pound loaves of enriched white bread. For a smaller bird make the necessary adjustments in all ingredients.

To make a dry stuffing—the kind that men really like best—you must have *dry* bread. This does not mean remembering to buy it a week ahead, however. Instead, simply spread out the slices of fresh bread on large baking sheets and place in warm oven to dry out. Then remove crusts and crumble the slices between your fingers. Or, if you prefer cubes, stack about 4 crustless slices together and cut into ½" strips, then cut crosswise into ½" cubes.

In a large skillet melt 1 cup shortening. We suggest using half vegetable shortening or other *bland-flavored* fat and half poultry fat which can be purchased without point penalties if you have none "saved up." Sauté 2 small minced onions and 1 cup chopped celery in the melted fat until soft but not brown. Add the prepared crumbs or cubes; also 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and 1-2 teaspoons sage, marjoram or poultry seasoning. Toss all together, lightly. (A little of the liquid in which giblets and neck have cooked may be used to moisten the dressing. However the amount used—if any—should be small, as a soggy dressing is not desirable.) Pile the dressing into cavity in bird lightly—leaving room to expand during roasting. Sew up opening or lace together tightly with string wound around skewers placed across the vent. Use some of the stuffing to stuff the loose skin at the neck. And now you're ready to truss and roast the bird in the usual manner.

STEAMED FIG PUDDING

2 cups sifted enriched flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1½ cups chopped figs
4 tablespoons shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
1 can condensed tomato soup

Sift flour with baking powder, soda and spices. Wash figs, dry, chop fine, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of flour mixture. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, then the flour alternately with the soup. Stir until smooth. Fold in figs. Turn into a greased mold, filling it two-thirds full. Place on rack in steamer or deep kettle, over boiling water. (Water should not touch the pudding mold since it's the steam that does the cooking. More boiling water may be added, as needed, after the first hour of steaming.) Steam 2 hours. Serve with the following sauce. Serves 8.

PUDDING SAUCE: Mix ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add an egg which has been beaten with 1 tablespoon cold water. Beat with a fork until smooth. Slowly add ⅓ cup corn syrup blended with ⅔ cup boiling water. Cook in top of double boiler about 5 minutes—or until smooth and slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Flavor with ¼ teaspoon vanilla or a couple of tablespoons of rum, brandy or sherry. Serve hot.

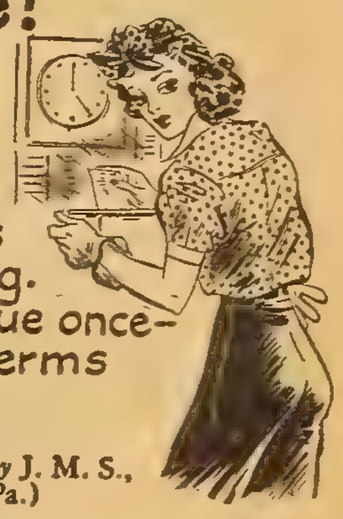
Many will recognize in "Steamed Fig Pudding" a worthy first cousin of the long famous "Tomato Soup Cake," now destined for a popular revival because it calls for only 2 tablespoons of shortening! If you would like to have a recipe for this unusual cake, FREE, *just send your request—a postal card will do—to:*

THE MODERN HOSTESS
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

No wonder there's a Kleenex shortage—everyone wants Kleenex because it saves as it serves!



Annie isn't Absent Any More!



—since her plant pals use KLEENEX to help keep colds from spreading. They use a tissue once—then destroy, germs and all!

(from a letter by J. M. S., York, Pa.)

MIGHTY IMPORTANT!—for authorities say ½ of all war—work time lost from illness is due to the common cold!

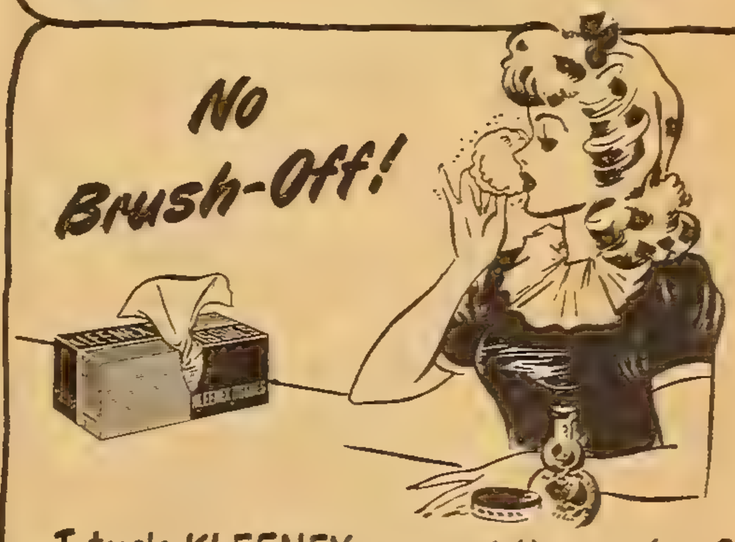


MOM'S HOME!

WHEN WILL SHE LEARN KLEENEX KEEPS LIPSTICK STAINS OFF TOWELS—SAVES LAUNDRY, SOAP, MANPOWER!

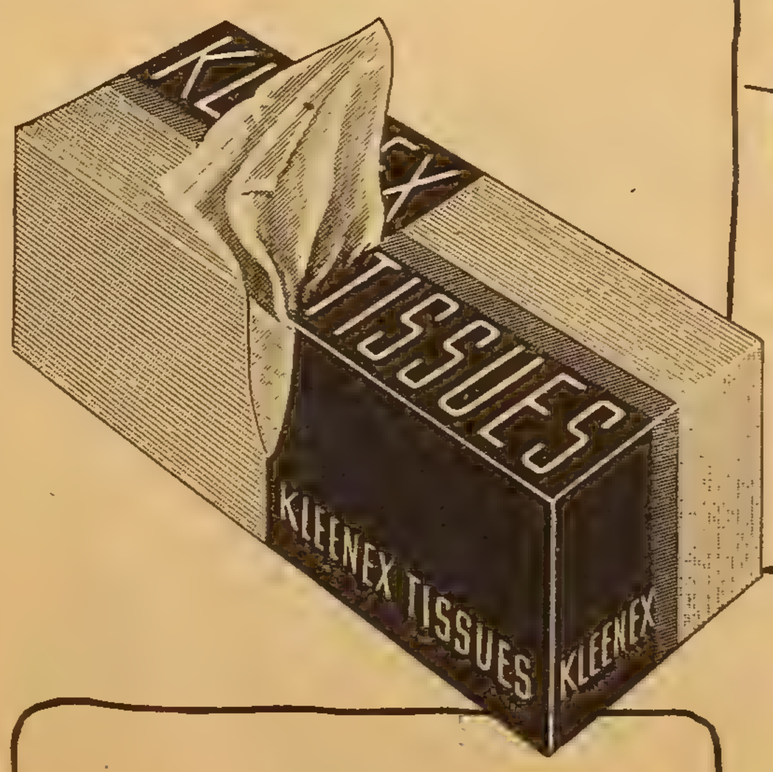
(from a letter by R. G. A., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.)

No Brush-Off!



I tuck KLEENEX around the neck of dark dresses to prevent those powder "rims". KLEENEX catches the powder that won't brush off—Keeps down cleaning bills!

(from a letter by A. L., Springfield, Ill.)



Only KLEENEX★ *has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that saves time, saves trouble, saves tissues!*

★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WE COULD MAKE MORE KLEENEX IF

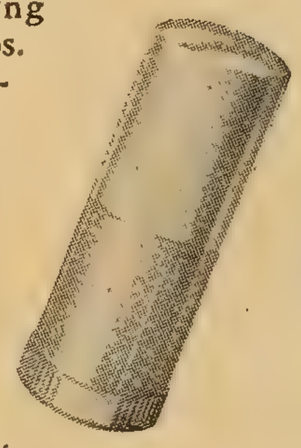
we made the tissues thinner or skimped on size. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain KLEENEX QUALITY in every particular!

Lip Expression



Your Priceless Gift

There is no charm quite so captivating as the fascinating warmth of lovely lips. Stadium Girl Lip Make-up adds a certain enchanting allure to your priceless gift.. LIP EXPRESSION. You will love the satin-smooth texture of this new make-up. Your lips appear so soft, so beautiful, so captivating!



6 Exotic Shades

For the perfect complement to your exquisite lip make-up there is Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up. The charming warm colors of this new rouge adds a gay subtle blush to your cheeks.

4 Exotic Shades



SEND *30¢ for regular retail size of either Stadium Girl Lip Make-up or Rouge. Lip shades: Light, Vivid, Dark Red, Medium, Medium Red and Tropic (Deep Red). Cheek shades: Light, Medium, Dark and Tropic (Deep Red).

*Includes Fed. Tax and mailing.

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YOUR MAKE-UP COMPANION

You can get Stadium Girl at 5 and 10¢ Stores

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(*Continued from page* 13)

probably fold up about the third week.

Take the group that's training under Colonel Thorwald (Randolph Scott). They're so tough it scares you to watch them. They are still plenty human though —like the two half-brothers, Kurt Richter (Noah Beery, Jr.) and Larry O'Ryan (David Bruce) who are in love with the same girl. Kurt and Larry have fought all their lives, and now they are battling for Kathleen (Grace McDonald).

The day comes when they both have to tell her good-by. The Raiders move out on the first leg of their long journey. At Honolulu they board a submarine, and once in its cramped, narrow quarters, are told the object of their mission. They are to raid Makin Island, a fortified Jap position which threatens the Hawaiian Islands.

Afer a long, nerve-racking voyage in the crowded sub, they finally sight the black, palm-fringed outline of Makin Island. The moment for which they've been training all these weary months is at hand. Efficiently, silently, the Raiders make their landing. They are greeted by Jap snipers at every hand. You'll want to *see* that battle, not hear about it from me. When you do see it, you'll find yourself saying, "So that's how they do it." Because those scenes give you the real inside on guerrilla warfare.

A string of young actors has been assembled for this job. Sam Levene and Alan Curtis rate special mention.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Thirty U. S. Marine Raiders, including four survivors of Lieut. Col. Evans F. Carlson's original raiders of Jap-held Makin Island slightly over a year ago, checked in at Universal from Camp Pendleton to play their parts for this picture . . . Two complete companies of cameramen, extras and technicians were used, one at the San Diego Marine Base and one at Camp Pendleton, California . . . Location at Camp Pendleton was an exact replica of the beach at Makin Island . . . Studio crew and officials lived at a Guyule Camp and commuted to Pendleton every day, a trip of 130 miles.

PIN UP GIRL

To our armed forces, "pin up girl" is just a synonym for Betty Grable. Pictures of la Grable in a bathing suit have become practically standard GI equipment, and Twentieth Century-Fox has now dreamed up a movie to prove it—in Technicolor. It has pretty girls, pretty tunes and a pretty funny plot.

Betty plays a girl named Lorry Jones. Lorry's theory is that truth lacks glamour, so she dresses it up a bit here and there. You couldn't really call it lying—or could you? Lorry is the toast of the local USO, and all the boys take along pictures of her to wherever they're going. In fact, by the time she leaves home to take a typist job in Washington, she is engaged to—in round numbers—three hundred stalwart members of the U. S. Army. Not to mention a Marine named George.

Lorry and her girl friend, Kay (Dorothea Kent), stop in New York on their way to Washington. There they palm themselves off on the haughty Club Chartreuse by saying they are pals of the great Tommy Dooley (John Harvey), young war hero just back from Guadalcanal. As friends of Dooley they are greeted with champagne, corsages and perfume. "We're sitting pretty now," Lorry thinks. "Yeah," says Kay, "on a keg of dynamite."

It looks as if the girl has something there when Tommy Dooley arrives in person. Lorry's imagination starts working overtime again and gets them out of the frying pan—right into the fire. She tells Tommy she's a glamorous singer, and when he later follows her to Washington, he doesn't recognize her with glasses on, pounding a typewriter. Although the legs *do* look familiar! Pretty soon Lorry is working the day shift as a mousey typist, and the swing shift as a night club singer, and both ways, she's in love with Tommy 100 per cent. Complicated, but fun!

Martha Raye is wonderful as an entertainer who loves *all* the soldiers and sailors. You'll find Joe E. Brown and Eugene Pallette in the comedy department, too. Listen for an embryo Hit Parade tune called "Time Alone Will Tell."—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Betty Grable prefaced production of this one by her marriage to Harry James, one day before the picture started . . . Newcomer John Harvey was last seen emoting on Broadway in "Kiss and Tell" . . . Martha Raye and Joe E. Brown were kept busy between scenes introducing their visitors to Betty. Guests were servicemen Martha and Joe had met on their overseas entertainment tours . . . The Sonja Henie of the roller skates is 20-year-old Gloria Nord, who leads the Skating Vanities . . . Top song writers Mack Gordon and Jimmy Monaco teamed for first time to turn out seven numbers, among them: "You're My Little Pin Up Girl," "Time Alone Will Tell" and "Red Robins, Bob Whites and Blue Birds."

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

This one starts right out with Roy Rogers on a horse, but that's where it fools you. The horse isn't Trigger. In fact, Roy and Trigger don't get together till along in the second reel, but when they do it's love at first sight—naturally.

It's love at first sight, too, with Roy and Kim Adams (Ruth Terry)—at least on Roy's side. Kim's father is the genial, gambling rancher who owns Trigger. Mr. Adams is training horses in the hope of selling them to the U. S. Cavalry, but so is Brock Danvers (Onslow Stevens) who wants no competitors. So maybe it's an accident, and maybe it's not, that Brock urges Adams to ride the as-yet untrained Trigger. Maybe it's an accident that the saddle comes off and Adams is killed. Maybe—but Roy doesn't think so.

With Adams out of the way, Danvers concentrates on persuading Kim to sell him the ranch. Kim has been spending her winters as an actress in New York, and he urges her to go back to Broadway and forget the ranch. Bewildered and heartbroken by her father's tragic death, Kim is ready to agree. She is even ready to let Danvers shoot Trigger as a horse too dangerous to have around, but that's where Roy steps in. He spirits Trigger away, while Danvers fumes impotently, and goes to work to train the horse to do every trick under the sun. By the time he gets through, Trigger could star on Information Please.

During a Mexican fiesta, Roy sees Kim and points out that her family has never been the quitting kind, and that her father would want the ranch to stay in her hands. Roy can be pretty persuasive, especially when he backs his arguments up with songs by Hoagy Carmichael. It's no wonder that Kim changes her mind and decides to stay.

So Danvers has plenty of competition after all, in trying to sell horses to the U. S. Cavalry. The contracts are to be awarded on the basis of a cross-country race, complete with a simulated battle and gas attack. Wait till you see that race!

Bob Nolan and the Pioneers are around, and so are Guinn Williams, Mary Treen and Duncan Renaldo.—*Rep.*

P. S.

Roy has made nearly 50 pictures since 1938 . . . Made a trip to New York during production of "Hands Across the Border" to star in the Madison Square Garden Rodeo. Begged to be allowed to ride up front with the motorman on his first trip through a subway. Was champion dart thrower of the Sixth Avenue Penny Arcades. Garnered more space in New York newspapers than any other actor since Valentino . . . While the picture was being prepared for shooting, Roy was working full time with his pigeons which he trains for the Signal Corps. Gave General MacArthur, Winston Churchill and Jimmy Doolittle to Uncle Sam just before he climbed back on Trigger for H.A.T.B.

NORTHERN PURSUIT

Errol Flynn in an old tweed suit can create a tidal wave of fainting femininity. Errol in the uniform of the Northwest Mounted Police will have you swooning in the aisles. The role he plays in "Northern Pursuit" fits him like the uniform. Steve Wagner is dashing and handsome and brave as 16 lions. He is also not too bright—or anyway that's what Colonel Von Keller (Helmut Dantine) thinks. Von Keller is a German flier who has been landed in Canada, with several companions, from a submarine. They have a sinister and important task to perform, but there are obstacles in the way. One of the obstacles is Steve Wagner.

When Steve first encounters Von Keller, the flier is wandering through the wilds of Northern Canada, lost and snowblind. His companions have been killed by an avalanche, but he is plowing on with Teutonic determination, trying to reach his rendezvous with a secret agent from the States. Steve and another "Mountie," Jim (John Ridgely), find Von Keller. But Steve who is of German descent, sends Jim in alone to headquarters and stays in a cabin with the sick flier.

Orders are immediately sent out to get both Steve and Von Keller. Steve, apparently furious at the treatment he receives from Headquarters, resigns from the force. Von Keller is put in a concentration camp, but escapes, and Steve is again brought in for questioning. This time he knocks down his superior officer and says "To hell with Canada!" In fact he's thrown into jail.

Is it just an act? Is he baiting a trap for Von Keller? The one who wonders most about this is Steve's fiancée, Laura (Julie Bishop). Steve is bailed out of jail by a mysterious stranger and promptly disappears. Somewhere he and Von Keller and the agent from the States are together —somewhere in the vast bleak wilderness north of Bear Lake. Steve is facing Nazi cunning with Canadian courage, but the odds are heavy against him.

You'll find this an exciting picture. Helmut Dantine is almost unbearably convincing as the German flier. And, as I keep saying, there's Errol!—*War.*

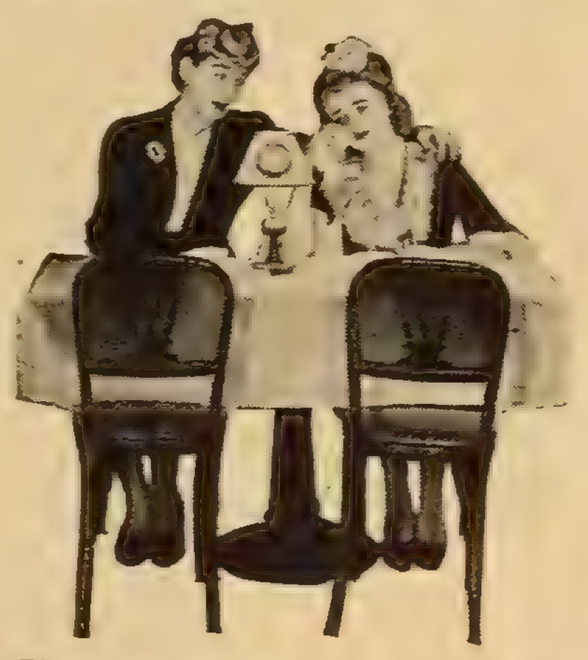
P. S.

Between scenes Errol managed to finish his book, "One Man in His Time," which is his third novel. Second, not published, is "Charlie Bowtie Comes to America." . . . Helmut set a precedent by writing one of his scenes. Job was turned over to him because of his knowledge of Nazi psychology . . . Russell Hicks, a bit player in the picture, will be more familiar to many servicemen than Flynn. Hicks is the principal player in "The Articles of War," which every soldier in training is required to see every three months.

"What's happened to our Marriage?"



1. I met Stan when I went to work in a war plant. We fell in love, were married . . . and at first had a beautiful life. Then suddenly . . . a barrier between us! I, who counted so on our precious hours together, was crazy with grief!



2. Then one night, we went out with Kay and George, our closest friends. Later, Kay and I were alone and she asked why I looked so tragic. Anxious for sympathy, I told her my troubles. "Sue, darling," she said when I finished. "It's so simple. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love if she's neglectful about . . . well, about . . . feminine hygiene . . ."



3. "See here, Sue," she suggested. "Why don't you try Lysol disinfectant? My doctor recommends it for feminine hygiene . . . says many modern wives use it." Then she told me how this famous germicide cleanses thoroughly . . . deodorizes, too. "And besides," she added, "Lysol's so easy to use. Just follow directions — it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."



4. Now, Stan and I are more happily in love than ever before! Kay was absolutely right about Lysol. It *is* easy and economical to use —and it works wonderfully!

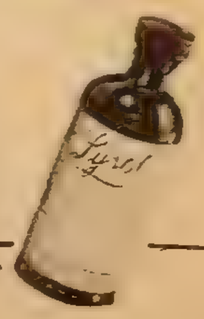


Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copr., 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet MS-144. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Modern Screen's Contest Series No. 10 - "Higher and Higher"

WIN $1,750!

1ST PRIZE.....I. J. FOX FUR COAT

2ND PRIZE.....$200 IN WAR BONDS*

Try and try again prizes**

3rd—1,352nd PRIZE.....$1.00 each in War Stamps

* All Bonds and Stamps donated by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
** If you win one of these prizes, you are still eligible to compete in future contests.

Well, kids, here it is—a brand new 1944 contest series! Anyone of you, regardless of how big a prize you won in last year's series, is eligible to walk off with this lush I. J. Fox fur coat or the wad of War Bonds. All bars are down for "Higher and Higher"!

HERE'S HOW: Work the crossword puzzle on page 8. It's based on Frank Sinatra's new picture "Higher and Higher." But first, you'd better whip over to our story of the movie on page 32 before you start working the puzzle. Makes it much easier!

After you've worked the crossword puzzle, take a look at your Swoon King in the picture. You'll notice we've filled in his last name in number 57 across, SINATRA. We'd like you to make up a crossword puzzle definition for Frankie. Maybe you'll stick to the accepted title, "Sultan of Swoon," or maybe you'll get kind of weak in the knees after seeing him in "Higher and Higher" and give with something like "Dizzying Dreaman" or "Out of This World!"—anything goes, and good luck.

RULES

1. Solve the crossword puzzle on page 8.
2. Write your own definition for Frank Sinatra.
3. Fill in your FULL name and address on the coupon. State whether Mr., Miss or Mrs. (Mrs., give your own first name, not your husband's.) If your coupon is not complete, your entry will not be valid.
4. Submit only one entry. More than one will disqualify you.
5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Company and members of their families.
6. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than February 10, 1944.
7. Neatness will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.
8. Prizes will be awarded each month to different persons. No one can win more than one *big* prize in the entire 1944 series. Those who have won prizes in our 1943 series are eligible to enter this new series.
9. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
10. This contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.



Something for a white Christmas—this luxurious I. J. Fox sable-blended muskrat fur coat. It's going to be MODERN SCREEN'S Xmas present to some lucky reader! Maybe it'll land under your tree.

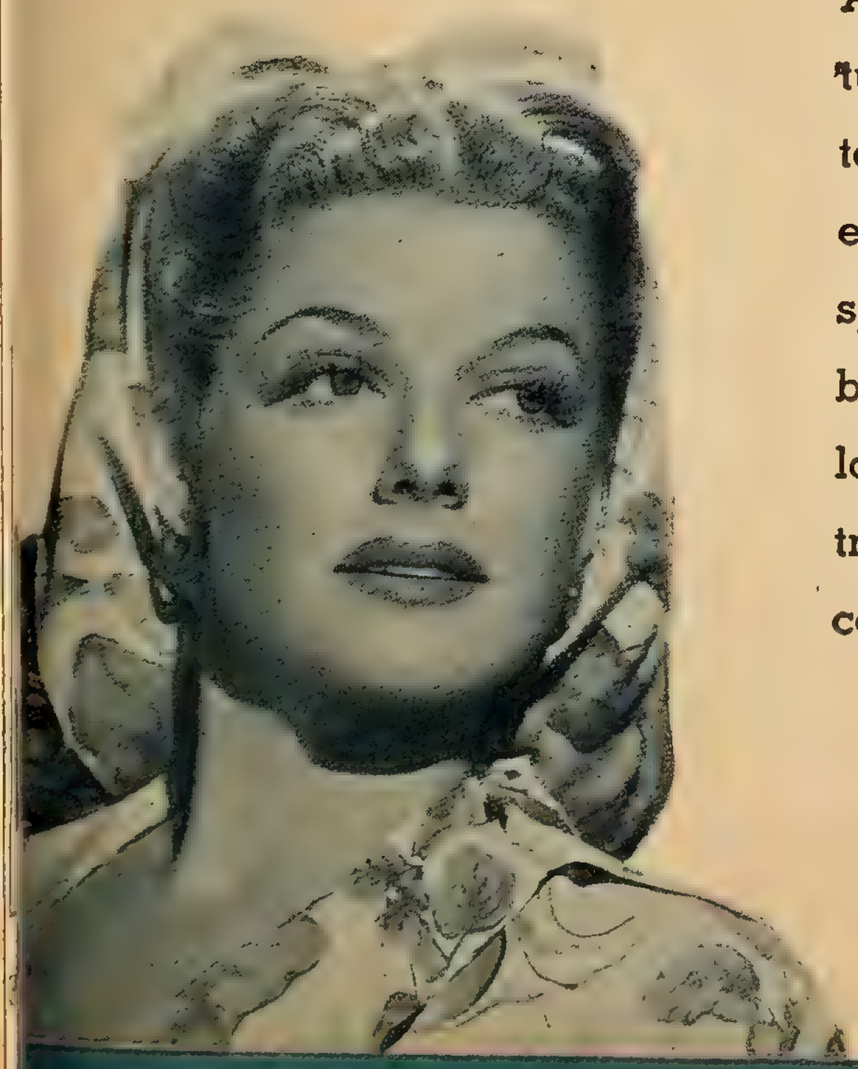
WINNERS IN MODERN SCREEN'S CONTEST NO. 8 "HERS TO HOLD"

1ST PRIZE.....Miss Lee Pavalow, Bronx, N. Y.
2ND PRIZE.....Mrs. Joyce Henning, Calamus, Ia.
3RD PRIZE.....Mrs. Ruth Chastain, Decatur, Ill.
4TH PRIZE.....Mrs. Mildred Earnest, Chanute, Kan.
5TH PRIZE.....Miss Opal Mincher, Wilmington, N. C.

TURN TO PAGE 8 FOR THE "HIGHER AND HIGHER" CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ANN SHERIDAN, star of **"THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS"**, a Warner Bros. picture, chooses "George Washington's Choice", a Bates registered heirloomed bedspread. Comes only as shown, in all white...woven of luxurious American cotton, reversible and completely pre-shrunk.

Ann Sheridan's Background for Beauty



ANN SHERIDAN, star of **"THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS"**, a Warner Bros. picture, selects a superb reproduction of the bedspread which George Washington chose for his bride. Only Bates with its near human looms could catch the elegance and spirit of the priceless original. So painstakingly woven are these spreads that only a few can be offered and every bedspread will be registered by number in the name of the purchaser. Bates proudly presents this heirloomed spread for you, your grandchildren and your great-grandchildren to treasure, and to use. Comes in all white only...woven of luxurious American cotton, reversible and completely pre-shrunk. In sizes 82x110 and 96x110.

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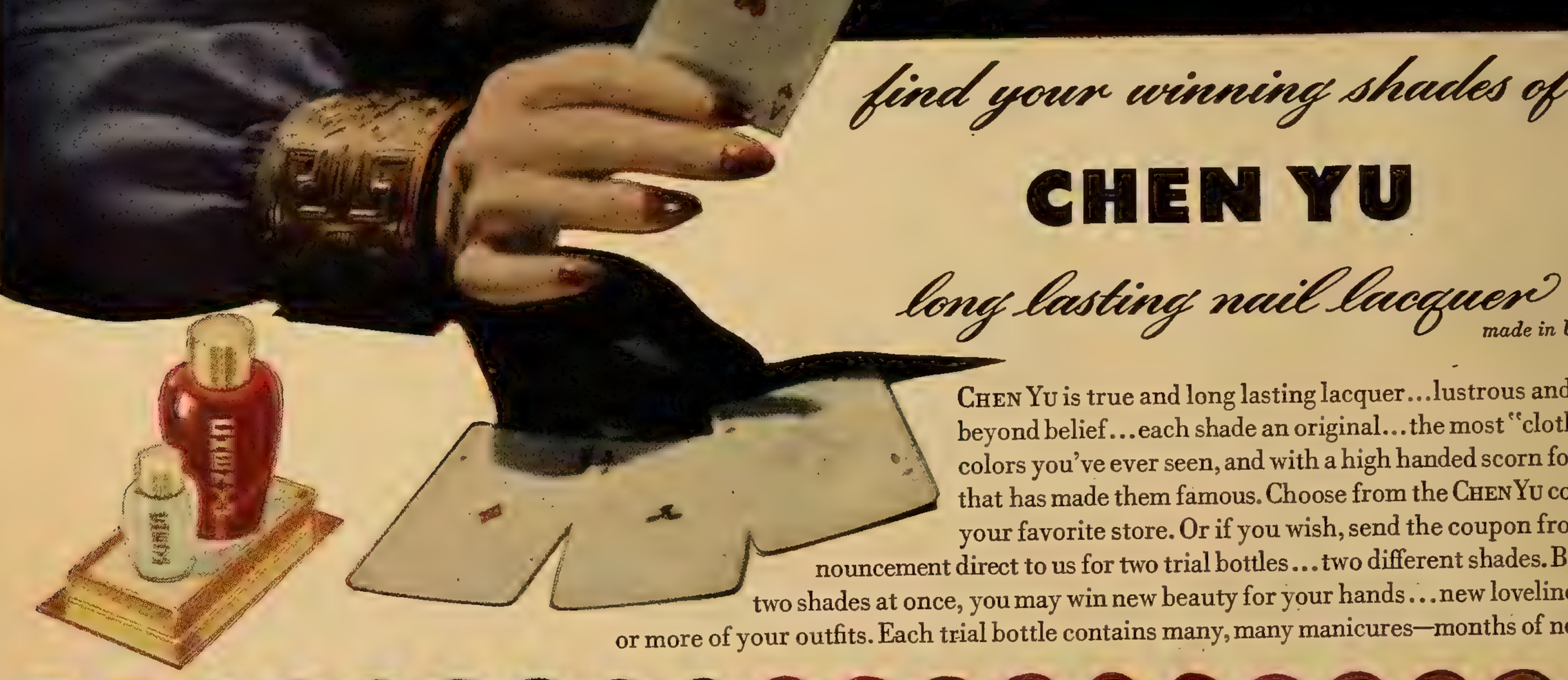
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Merry Christmas to our readers . . .

Come to think of it, this will be our first Christmas together, won't it? Last year, this page didn't exist, and we didn't really know you . . . Especially because Christmas is coming up, we're glad we can chat. At Christmas we need friends. It's like having lots of logs piled on the fire when there's frost on the windows—and thinking, "to heck with the frost!" . . . This Christmas, of course, nothing can keep all the frost out. At countless family tables, there are empty chairs, empty plates, empty hearts. Church bells ring this year. But stifling their message of peace on earth is the thunder of guns, the muffled agonies of a tortured world . . . But, like we said, friends help. We have grown awfully close to the readers of MODERN SCREEN. Every month, some fifty thousand of you write to us. We laugh with you. And sometimes you tell us your troubles. Through our questionnaire, you help us edit the magazine. From your letters we get warm glimpses of you—and the shy, fine admiration you show for fine people like Laddie, Ronnie Reagan or Frank Sinatra . . . So do you know what we'd love just because it's Christmas? A Christmas card from *you*. Just send us one, and see what happens!

"The Modern Screen Gang"





Camp McCall's brass band met Betty and hairdresser. Paratroopers jeeped 'em 25 miles thru swamp. Arrived with layer of red dirt on faces.

THE MEN

She never does anything in a small or inconspicuous way; she is lusty, gregarious, whole-hearted. "When I sing," she told Dorothy Lamour one day, "I don't stop by putting my neck in it. I put my feet, ankles, knees, torso, teeth and topknot into every note. Gosh—do I knock myself out!"

When she sings "Murder, He Says," she exercises more muscles than Bernarr Macfadden has ever examined in the body beautiful. When she sings "I'm Doin' It For Defense," she brings admiring chiropractors from miles around, inarticulate with admiration for such mobile joint mounting. When she sings "The Fuddy-Duddy Watchmaker," the Amalgamated Union of Mexican Jumping Beans gets up a picket line bearing the placard "Unfair!"

After she had finished her stint in Madison Square Garden recently before an audience of 22,000 customers (breathing hard out of sympathy), Betty Hutton stepped to the microphone and gave the bond buyers their final joyous jolt by announcing her engagement to radio-writer Charles Martin. Mr. Martin was in the audience at the time, but he is a wise man and knows when a fiancé should be seen—flanked by the rest of the audience—and not heard—beside such a master of sound as Betty.

The wedding, Betty told reporters, won't take place until January. Hollywood wisenheimers, delighted with Betty's effervescence and her eagerness for change, will (*Continued on page 25*)

By Cynthia Miller



Wires curled when Betty toll-called fiancé Charles Martin about rumored engagement to someone else. Martin wired back roses. Betty's in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek."

I LOVE!

Betty's joshed and jitterbugged with them, sung till her throat's gone froggy. She loves the whole Army. And the feeling's terribly mutual.



Betty, who outmugs Harpo, was made honorary paratrooper after one of the guys leaped to platform, kissed her and yelled, "My wife just had a baby. I had to kiss someone."



In "Two for a Show" on B'way, Betty turned nursery rhyme into hep-happy free-for-all, was IN from then on. Perfected knock-out tactics with Lopez's band On set, Betty knits between scenes, needs no last minute cramming on lines



After first night at Casa Mañana, owner Billy Rose said, "All I ask is, don't tear down the house." Betty eats like a prize fighter, practically never tires, sleeps in dibs and dabs (in gigantic bed), is easy bait for round of penny poker.

Betty was heller in grade school. Played sand lot baseball, "shinny," tin-can hockey in neighborhood alleys. Even earned scar (on left cheek). At 14, stormed B'dway with peanut-sized band, flopped miserably. (With Don Ameche at Command Performance.)

give you 20 to one that the marriage never occurs. Maybe they're wrong. Maybe not. Meanwhile, everybody loves Betty. What tabasco is to steak, what Roquefort dressing is to salad, what Manville is to Reno—that's what Betty is to Hollywood. And to camp shows. And to personal appearance trips. And to bond tours.

Although this was possibly her most spectacular appearance to date, there have been other trips and other climaxes. That swing to Army camps through the South, for instance. After leaving the continental train, Betty, her publicity man and Doris Harris, her hairdresser, took a local. It was hot. It was dusty. There was no food on the train. And Betty was supposed to be a glamour girl.

She wore a simple dress that indicated several of the reasons she photographs so well, but which was also utilitarian because it could be washed. She wore no stockings. She wore spectator pumps. So the famed Hollywood glam reputation had to find an exemplar in her hairdo, of course. Each morning, Doris combed the fragile, fine, glinting Hutton hair. She swirled it and upswept it; she added a cluster of flowers and—because Betty's own hair kept shedding curl as a roof sheds rain—a dreamy set of artificial bangs. "Those bangs," someone in the group allowed, "make (*Continued on page 88*)

On periodic diets, Betty pecks at cottage cheese, crackers and skim milk, see visions of steak, French fries and chocolate malteds. Likes heavy food—in large quantities.





ter reading script of "Star Spangled Rhythm," Betty, despite ter- ambition, bounced into head office in dither, moaned, "I'm ed. This part's too big for me." (With make-up man Bob Ewing.)

Kathryn Grayson taught Betty to chirp operatic aria. In re- turn, Betty coached Kathryn on "Murder"—with gestures. Caused riot when they tried it at H'wood Canteen one night.

"I'm a lunk! A cigarette-in-the-side-of-the-mouth guy," says Sonny Tufts. But don't let that fool you. The effect is strictly Boyer.

By Jeanne Karr

BIG BOY



Wife Barbara's limbering up for the dance routine she'll do in Sonny's coming pic, "When I Come Back." Blond giant's sloughed 15 lbs. for part. Says Par.'s signed him for rest of life.

Paulette Goddard saw his screen tests run off and said, "He's for me." She calls him Flash Gordon. Also the Amiable Ambler. He's six-foot-four, blonde, loose-limbed, slipjointed, and moves at an easy lope across the Paramount lot with his grin, his Hi! and his lifted forefinger. He calls a bird a buhd—the only giveaway that he comes from Boston.

Whether his eyes are blue or gray has been a question for years. There's no question about the humor behind them. He takes his sudden startling emergence on the Hollywood scene with the same kind of balance and sanity that you felt in "Kansas" on Corregidor. Only time he got excited was on hearing that his younger brother, Lieutenant David Tufts of the U. S. Navy, had been decorated at Nova Scotia for saving a munitions ship from destruction by fire.

Himself, he's 4-F by virtue of a cracked pelvis, an enlarged heart, two knees that slip out when he's not looking, a crushed right hand, a bursa of the shoulder and some minor flaws that we won't go into. They skiid wild in Winchester when he was a boy, and Sonny skiid wildest. It got to be something of an event when he came home uncracked.

At the draft board, his chart was so full of red marks you could hardly read the thing.

"What the hell do you do for a living?" asked the man at the desk.

"I'm under contract to Paramount."

"Yeah? What *are* you? A stunt man?"

He was christened Bowen Charleton Tufts III, to be known thereafter as Sonny. The nickname's juvenile flavor doesn't worry him. To him, it's just the name he's always been called by. Even Charles Seymour, the President of Yale, called him Sonny. The president is a distinguished looking gentleman with silver-gray hair and a clipped moustache. Against a background of bearded Monty Woolleys in hooded gowns, he was handing out the diplomas on graduation day. The ceremonies were going out over the air. The names rolled impressively. T. Uppington Uppington. Van Rensselaer Cabot-Lodge Jones. Suddenly the president looked up into a familiar (*Continued on page 91*)



At Yale, drum-boogie Tufts threw 5 dance bands together, took one on 22 summer cruises across Atlantic. At one point in career, gridiron hero was M.C.-ing in beer joint.



As assistant editor of Yale record, Sonny says he used to drape himself over typewriter and read Benchley and similar stuff all day, then bat out what were practically carbon copies.

"I'm no actor," says Sonny. "I just go to the studio at 9 and come home at 6. In between I say lines." The Tufts range from 6 ft. 2½ to 6 ft. 8, swear it's due to milk. Sonny's 6 ft. 4.



ıst one week after Sonny was introduced to studio execs, e was on the set—acting. Did most of his business out of amera range till Goddard and others straightened him out.



The Christmas Alan Will Never Forget

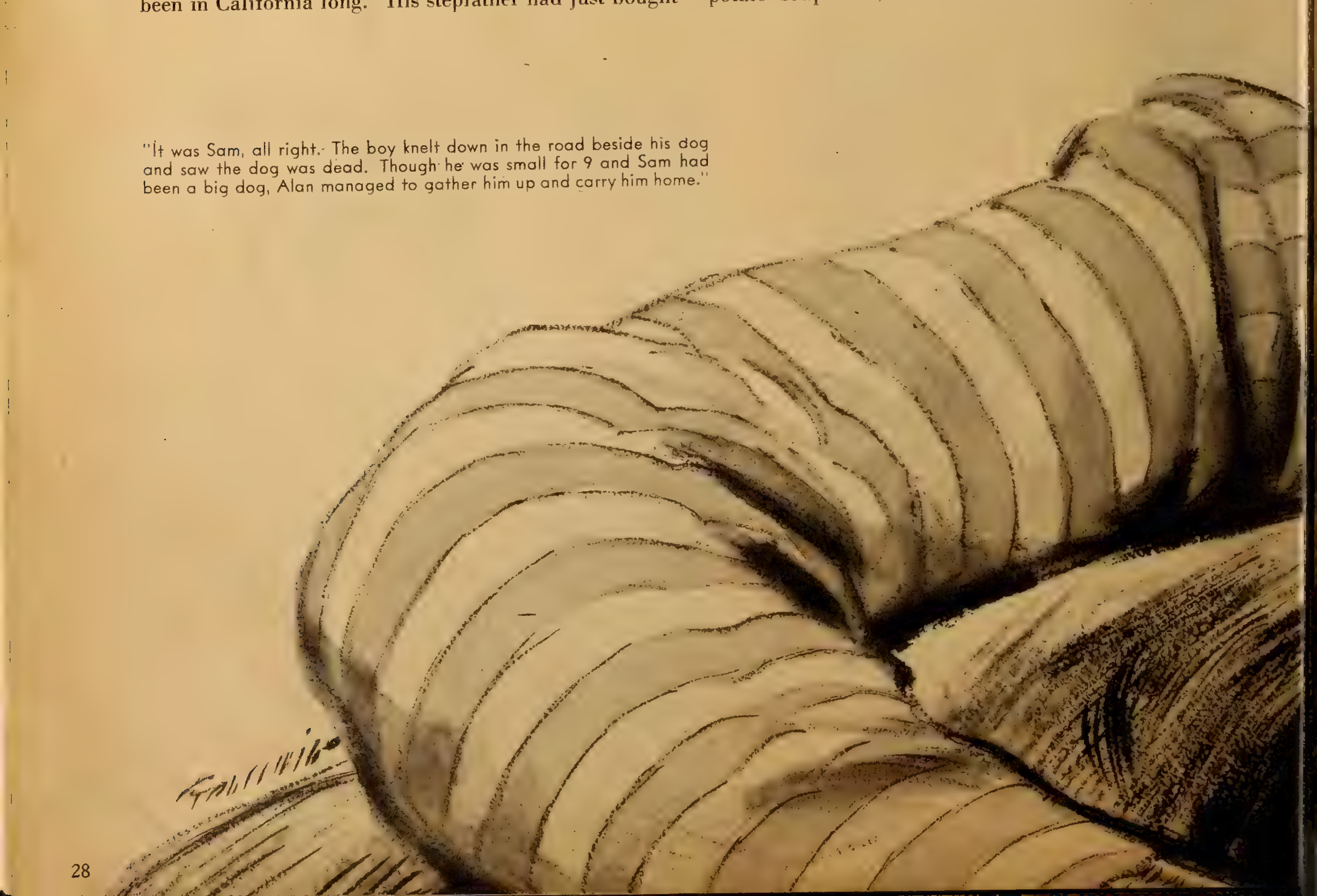
It was a Christmas of stabbing pain
back when Laddie was nine and Sam, his shaggy mongrel, died.
But in it, too, there was a kind of wondrous joy.

He was only nine, but privation had made him old before his years. He remembers that Christmas for many reasons. But mostly as the Christmas when he grew up.

Not that he put it in so many words to himself. It wasn't till years later that he recognized it as a kind of turning point. His first encounter with the shock and grief of death. His first realization that you couldn't do anything about it. His first glimpse of the knowledge that material values don't count beside those of the spirit. If that's not growing up, what is?

At the time, it just seemed that a lot of things all happened around Christmas that year. They hadn't been in California long. His stepfather had just bought the little lot in Alhambra and put up a garage. The house was supposed to come later, but it never did. Alan thinks they knew even then that it never would, because his stepdad had partitioned the garage into front room, kitchen and tiny bedroom.

Alan had the bedroom. They got water from the filling station across the road. They bathed in a galvanized iron tub. Their heat, such as it was, came from a little old oil burner. But Alan felt fine. He liked the man his mother had married. It was no longer just the two of them against the world. Mom had been right. But then, she always was. "Everything'll work out." That was her slogan. It might be potato soup now, but next week it was going to be



"It was Sam, all right. The boy knelt down in the road beside his dog and saw the dog was dead. Though he was small for 9 and Sam had been a big dog, Alan managed to gather him up and carry him home."

By Nancy Winslow Squire



"He stuck Chris inside his pajama top and started back. There was a funny look on his stepdad's face. Not mad, just funny. Below Alan's pajama top, Chris's tail waved gently."

something wonderful. So surely and calmly did she believe in the future that Alan accepted faith as a matter of course. Tough luck was only temporary. Everything would work out.

Now, after years of struggling alone, Mom had someone to help her. After months of camping out, they had a roof over their heads. Alan was helping, too. Every day after school he'd whistle to Sam, his collie-police dog, and they'd trot off together to sell papers at the El Sereno junction. It was the best spot, because a two-car track came in from Alhambra, and a three-car track from Pasadena, and people got off and changed cars and went in to Los Angeles.

Mom was always afraid of his getting hurt, but shucks! he could take care of himself. It was Sam he used to worry about. No more, though. Not since he'd trained Sam to go lie down in front of the drugstore till he got through. He was a smart one, that Sam. He'd

never budge, but his eyes would keep following Alan till he saw him pull the last paper out from under his arm. Then he'd start barking like crazy and run out to the curb and wait. No matter how excited he got, he wouldn't step so much as a paw over the curb till Alan came and got him.

Walking home, they'd stop to look in at the Christmas windows. Alan wished he could have a paper route. With a route, you earned more than standing on a corner. But you couldn't have a route unless you had a bike, and bikes were for rich kids. You could dream, though. You could dream you had a bike and a route and could walk right into this store and buy a Christmas present for Mom.

Mom said presents didn't matter. What mattered was how you felt inside on Christmas and every other day. Mom said, if you couldn't afford to give, then *wanting* to give was just as good. But Alan noticed that she always managed to give him something. Even last year, which was the worst, she bought him some books and hid 'em in the closet, and he found 'em ahead of time and read 'em. Never let on, though. Acted just as surprised on Christmas morning.

He squashed his nose against the window glass. "What would you buy for Mom, Sam, if you had money?"

It was two weeks before Christmas. He was playing ball with some fellows in the school yard. Just as the bell rang for the afternoon session, a boy came running in from the street. "Alan! Hey, Alan! Your dog got hit by a car on the road."

Alan laughed in his face. "You must be crazy. I just saw him when I was home for lunch."

"Yeah? Well, I just saw him about two seconds ago, and he's layin' there, and he don't look good to me—"

Alan's feet were taking him down the street. They felt like lead. Why didn't they move faster? Everything felt funny —his head was light, his chest so heavy he could hardly breathe. What was he worried about, anyway? That kid must've seen some other dog that looked like Sam. Sam (*Continued on page 71*)



"Then, at last, he put his hand out. Solid. Real. A bike. His eyes went first to Mom's face, then his stepdad's. He couldn't talk. His feelings were too mixed up. He was crying inside."

By Zachary Gold

One moment Michele Morgan's in a bog, the next, she's whirling higher and higher. It's love, all right, but strangely enough, its name is not Sinatra.

Higher and

STORY Mr. Cyrus Drake was waking in his usual manner to a fine spring day in New York. Byngham, the butler, shook his shoulder gently. Mr. Cyrus Drake opened one eye, found that it didn't focus properly, closed it rapidly and threshed promptly to the other side of the bed. Byngham shook again. This time, in response, Mr. Drake himself shook in imitation of a startled dervish.

"Go away," Mr. Drake said.

"It's seven o'clock," said Byngham. "In the evening."

"When I want the time," Mr. Drake said, "I'll buy a sundial."

"You did (*Continued on page 81*)



1. Valet Mike (Jack Haley) tells Cyrus Drake (Leon Errol) he's broke, bankrupt. Drake grunts, turns over.



2. But later that evening, when he announces plight to staff of servants, Mike gets a whirlwind idea.



5. She goes, but, as Pamela Drake, sits haughtily in patrons' box. Mike, eyeing Sir Wilton (Victor Borge) with Katherine Keating (Barbara Hale), No. 1 deb, literally throws Millie at him.



6. Mike plans strategy. Millie lures Wilton, though she's really starry-eyed over Mike. Unsuspecting, Mike finds her in park asking Sinatra's advice, drags her back so Wilton can propose.

Higher



Kitchen maid Millie (Michele Morn) is to be palmed off on N. Y. as ake's daughter, snag wealthy husband.

4. For nights, Millie's waved to Sinatra thru window. He finally marches in with flowers, invites her to butlers' ball.



whirl of events, wedding to Wil- s called off, Mike finds fabulous h, leaves Millie to marry Sinatra.



8. Months later, returning to Drake's new night club, he finds Sinatra married to Katherine and Millie waiting for him.

PRODUCTION Don't need to remind you of the wallop Frank Sinatra packed singing Jimmy McHugh's "Let's Get Lost." Had us all in a Sinatrance (still does!). But you'll really oh and ah when you hear him do the five McHugh-Adamson numbers in "Higher and Higher." All tailored just for Frank, too. Wait till you hear him give with "The Music Stopped" and "You Belong in a Love Song" for something right out of this world. Besides these lush numbers, there are five more new songs with some 15 starlets chiming in, including Marcy McGuire whom you've heard guesting (*Continued on page 81*)

By Lisl Swan

Gob and a Girl

They're wonderfully typical, these two, with Gig Young in Navy blues, Sheila in a war plant, and the whole darn crew piling into the kitchen for Sunday dinner.



Gig wants a little girl just like Sheila. *She* wants a replica of Daddy, green-brown eyes, dark brown wavy hair. Both agree on two kids.

The day, nine months ago, when Gig Young ceased to be an actor and became Byron Barr, seaman, was one he will long remember. He had been told to travel light; he assembled only the bare necessities for the trip. Razor, shaving soap, comb, brush, toothpaste and brush, half a dozen handkerchiefs and Sheila's picture were carefully wrapped and arranged in a cardboard shoe box. Perhaps, for a moment, he looked at the meager belongings that a man can carry from one physical life to another: the bodily comforts and the single symbol of love.

Then he reported to the railway station and was assigned to a Pullman equipped with tier bunks. Friendships began to develop. Gig met a boy who had been halfway through his medical training when he (*Continued on page 85*)



He and Sheila make hobby of collecting war bonds, home recordings. Delight catching chums off-guard, recording their voices.



Gives orders to Cesar Romero in Coas Guard. Hitch-hiked home first leave, sa Ann Sheridan. Best pic, "Old Acquaintance



Gig kinda misses his civilian togs, especially his prized red ties and contrasting coats and trousers!

Crowning glories: Ability to wiggle ears, one at a time; to sign his name with a pencil held between toes.



George shuttled around 3 days getting home to Conrad, Montana, from camp. Met brother in Fresno and came part way with him. 3 days traveling back left 6 with family.



Big guy finally dropped bag in front hall at 1 P.M. At 2 he was at work on combine. Timed furlough for harvesting. Grows peas, flax, oats on 600 acre farm run by brother.



Typical furlough day: Up at 5, in fields by 6. Lunch, with neighbor's t wheedling him into ride on pet nag. Work thru sundown. Dinner at 9. Bed at Work togs: Jeans, broken-down shirt. Dinner clothes: Jeans and clean jer

Farming with George Montgomery

We sent our photographer hot-footing out to Montana to catch the big guy on furlough. found him knee-deep in clover—and hayseed.



George scooted over to new 10,000 acre ranch first chance he got. Burst with pride at 3,000 acres of white pine, grazing land for 750 head of cattle. Brothers bought it for him last April.



Routine was upset when George hitched to Great Falls to sell $10,000 worth of bonds at dry goods emporium. The whole clan turned up for farewell dinner and Mom's chicken a la Russe.

Furlough at end of 6 months came, luckily, so George could skip home for the season he's never yet missed . . . even while he was in Hollywood. It's Corporal Letz now, on duty somewhere outside the country.



Something for the Girls

The coke crowd thinks he's snaky. The bridge set thinks he's Henry Aldrich in a reet pleat. And a sweet-faced girl named Gwen thinks Don O'Connor's Clark Gable—without the ears.

Till last January, Mom was the only woman in the life of Universal's "Top Man," Donald O'Connor,

Now there's Gwen Carter—17 in October and a senior at L. A. high school. Don was 18 last August. She wears a gold bracelet he gave her. There's a key, then "DON," then a heart, then "GWEN." On his 18th birthday, she gave him a silver identification bracelet. It says "DON" outside, and inside, "I LOVE YOU. GWEN."

His two women met in Mom's kitchen. Don had a date with Gwen and two other kids. He was late getting ready, so he guessed he'd go pick 'em up and bring 'em back, and they could listen to records or something while he finished dressing. Mom was washing the dinner dishes as they trooped in. She knew the others. So the little one—soft brown eyes in a heart-shaped face, floating chestnut hair—

"You must be Gwen," smiled Mom, "and Don's got good taste."

Gwen's answering smile was a little shy. But when the others headed for the living room, she hung back. "That looks like an awful lot of dishes. Could I dry them for you?"

"Lord love you, child, they don't mean a thing to me. Now if you really want to be good to me, go in and play the piano nice and loud. I always did like a lively tune with my dishes."

The O'Connors, close-knit to begin with, have drawn closer through the years. Of seven children, only Don and Jack are left to Mom. Three died in infancy. A small daughter was killed in a street accident. Then there was Bill, (*Continued on page* 40)

Don says marriage can wait—2 years. But tied Gwen Carter up with whopper of a diamond. Says he wants 5 kids some day, 3 boys, 2 girls. Also wants to play "Hamlet" in movies.



When Don was tyke, Mom said only way he could wriggle out of practicing the piano was to break a finger, so he promptly broke a finger.



By Ida Zeitlin

Couple months ago, Don arrived at Gloria Jean's house to take her to movies, forgot wallet, blushingly accepted loan from Gloria's pop. Most valued possession: gun that belonged to John Barrymore, whom he hero-worshipped, given him by Diana.

After scanning date possibilities at studio, Don found gal who looked young enough, asked her out, found she'd been married couple of years. (With Annie Rooney, niece Patsy and Gwen.)





First time Don saw himself on screen, he gulped "Who's that stupid looking punk?"—then slunk out. The "punk's" next pic for Univ. "This Is the Life."



Peggy Ryan's pet story's about Don spotting prowler on grounds. Shouldering 22, he yelled, "Hands up or I shoot." Character behind bush snorted, "Who you kidding, sonny?"

Something for the Girls

continued

Don's pattern of perfection. In their vaudeville act, Bill would pick Don up by the scruff of his neck, whirl him like a pinwheel and land him on his feet, to mad applause. To express the height of his ambition, Don used to say: "Maybe some day I'll be as good as Bill—"

Two years ago Bill went to Peoria for the Christmas holidays, contracted scarlet fever and died after four days' illness. It was months before his brother's face lost its stricken look.

Having worked literally from infancy, Don grew up with a sense of responsibility. After Bill's death, it deepened—especially in respect to Mom. Sometimes Patsy, Jack's 14-year-old daughter, also under contract to Universal, wishes he'd confine it to Mom. His normal greeting to Patsy is: "What's the matter with your hair? What's the idea painting your nails that color?"

"Make him leave me alone, grandma," she wails. "The minute I show up, he starts picking on me."

Gwen describes him as the kind of boy who decides he's going to do a thing and does it. He decided to buy a house for Mom and bought it—with the money he'd saved while he was at Paramount. Mom's been traveling 'round all her life, working pretty hard—it's just about time she had her own house, he figured. Himself, he didn't particularly want a house. Made him feel funny. Settled down, kind of. But he got over that pretty quick. It's nice not to worry where the dough for your next hotel bill's coming from.

Mom has fun buying furniture and working 'round the house all day. Help? Hers is the age-old cry. "I'd rather do it myself than go chasing behind someone else to do it."

"Sure it's not too much for you, Mom?"

"Know what would happen if we got a maid? I wouldn't know what to do with myself, and I'd start getting cranky."

Don watches it, though. If he thought she were overdoing things, he'd put his foot down. He's got quite a lot of say over things—more than his brothers had when they were his age. And he thinks it's all right being boss, if you don't take advantage.

The screen prepares you for a jumping jivester. He's anything but. The exuberance is there, but under leash. Even when he's laughing his head off inside, his face doesn't show it. Slapstick's the only thing that makes him laugh out loud. "Me, I'm all mouth," says Mom, "but the boys are quiet."

His steady blue eyes make you feel he's a guy you can tie to. His emotions are warm, if casually expressed. He says hello to everyone on the lot, whether he knows them or not, and it makes him mad if they don't say hello back. His ambition is to learn all their names, so he can say "Hello, Fred" instead of just hello. That way you feel closer, says Don.

He never leaves Mom without kissing her. It may be a quick kiss, but that's fine with her. They both hate to be fussed over. Being busy and young, he'll sometimes forget her birthday. The last time it happened, a jeweler called on Mom a few days after the event—

"Your son sent me over. He said you're in the market for a watch. Here are five watches. Which do you like best?"

She made her choice, and he handed her a card. "Don said this goes with it." The card read, "I'm a drip, but I love you, Mom."

One day last December he was watching the auditions for "Blackouts" at El Capitan. His eyes wandered and came to rest on five-foot-two-and-a-half, brown eyes in a heart-shaped face, floating chestnut hair—

"Whose that girl?" asked Don, trying to be casual.

"Gwen Carter," said the girl he knew in the show. "Her father's the orchestra leader."

"Introduce me, will you?" She introduced them. Presently Gwen left. "Do you know her phone number?" Don asked his friend.

She eyed him coldly. "What if I do?"

That stopped him till New Year's Eve. At the party he went to, a girl mentioned Gwen's name. "Do *you* know Gwen Carter?—Look, I'd love to have her number—"

"Well, I'd have to ask her first."

"Okay, you ask her. And in case she doesn't want to give it out, maybe she wouldn't mind calling *me* just this once. Sure, I know it's not etiquette, but I have to get hold of her some way."

Call *him!* Gwen should say not. Who ever heard of a girl calling a boy? "You can give him my number, though. I don't mind."

She says their first date was at Grauman's Chinese. He says it was Chinatown. They argue about it all the time—

"We went to Casa d'Amour for dinner," says Gwen, "then to Grauman's Chinese, and next night to Chinatown. He thinks we went to Chinatown first, but we didn't really."

"We went to Chinatown and got a flat tire," says Don. "She thinks we went to Grauman's Chinese, and you know how women are—have to have their own way."

Wherever they went, it was together—and neither has dated anyone else since. They bowl or play miniature golf. They go to Venice and do the rides. Gwen balks at the roller-coaster, which Donald dotes on. Once he went 18 times in a row.

When the boys can get week-end passes from training camps, they go to Larry Krieger's—Don's best friend—and jitterbug. The crowd includes Ann Rooney—Gwen's best friend—Gene Reynolds, Larry Nunn. The Lindy and Slicker are their favorite dances. They don't go to night clubs, and they don't smoke or drink. Don took a sip of Dubonnet on his 18th birthday and didn't like it. As for smoking, he won't even kid about it. "I hate it," he says soberly. "Especially for girls. It takes some of the sweetness away."

When he works next day, he's supposed to be in by 10:30. His intentions are good but, you see, it's like this—

First, they stop at a drive-in. No evening feels right unless you stop at a drive-in for turkey sandwiches and malts. Then he takes Gwen home. Gwen says, "You can only sit down for a minute, because you've got to be in by 10, so—" Then they start discussing things, and the next time they look at the clock, it's 11:15.

Mom says she can't fall asleep till Don gets home. Every time she hears a siren, she thinks it's Don. He tries to talk her out of it, but you know how women are. His brother Jack's 37 years old, married 15 years; and Mom still isn't relaxed about *him* yet.

She *says* she can't fall asleep, but half the time she *is* asleep, so he tries to get in without waking her up. Leaves the car out, because the garage makes a racket. Listens at the back door for the refrigerator to go on. If he can time it to slip in while the current's on, he's okay. Sometimes she hears him open the refrigerator to get his bottle of pop, and down she comes.

He takes the words right out of her mouth. "Sorry, Mom, I'm late. We got to talking. I'll make it up tomorrow night."

What more can a fellow do than say he's sorry and he'll try to do better? Mom lets it go at that. Besides, you'd never get anywhere with Don the strict way. He's got too much of the bullheaded Irish in him. Besides, there's no argument. He thinks she's right. Can he help it if something always comes up?

So he climbs into bed with (*Continued on page 90*)

O'Connor's a jive artist, trapeze aerialist, acrobat, skit writer, willing stooge for Anne Gwynne or anybody handy. Clan was once called, "The Royal Family of Vaudeville."





Chums say Harry and Betty have finally settled on Bert Lahr's estate in Coldwater Canyon, paid $85,000 for it. (Here at preview of Ice Follies.)



Reports have Cooper handing over $1,000 a week to Naval Aid. He and wife Rocky both nuts about dancing, hardly sat out number during Army benefit.



Dennis Morgan and Eddie Cantor horsed around on Screen Guild show, rode Dinah Shore about pedigreed calf she gave Geo. Montgomery for birthday.



Groucho, who dubs every glamour gal "Lamour," did hip-wiggling tango with her that laid guys in the aisles at March Field. Did show and broadcast for fliers there.

CANDIDLY YOURS

We trail the stars from March Field to the Stork Club . . . at benefits, broadcasts and on beautiful binges. Here's what cooks on the scene and behind it.



In N. Y. Lana and Steve Crane binged at El Morocco. Rode hansom in Central Park. On train, in shops and C. B. S. playhouse, over-zealous autograph hunters hounded Lana while Steve acted as interference.

Reagans flung party for Frank Sinatra, invited Ann Sheridan whose cook requested 1, Frank's autograph; 2, song dedicated to her kids; 3, his comb. Annie stayed home.

and F. Langford no sooner hit home than they their stuff for guys abroad via "Command ormance." Here, Bing helps tizzy things up.

Betty Grable splitting with Harry . . .

Lieutenant Ty Power a pop . . .

Sonja Henie heading for breakdown . . .

Alan Ladd facing a crisis . . .

Johnny Payne's life in danger . . .

Alice Faye's marriage threatened . . .

Van Johnson and Judy to wed . . .

Greer Garson giving up career for Dick . . .

Capt. Ronnie Rea

1944—what will it bring?

Grant Lewi, editor of the world's largest horoscope magazine, gives out with another set of his uncanny predictions.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We asked Grant Lewi to give us a picture of 1944 that would thrill every reader. Here it is. 1944 for the stars. And, in case you care, 1944 for you.*

He has limited his personal predictions to your love life, your family life, your work—and travel. By "love," Mr. Lewi means you and your joe, if you're single—you and Hubby, if you're married. The business about work applies equally to school, home or job. By travel, he refers to any activity that brings you into contact with new places, new people, new ideas.

We offer you Mr. Lewi's predictions with a word of warning. Don't laugh them off. They have a fantastic knack of coming true!

If you were born in Aries (March 21-April 20)

Love: Romance favored March-July, especially favored Apr. 11-May 4. Except glamour, permanence.

Family: Changes in home life around the end of June. Be progressive, alert to opportunity; avoid strife and rebellion; be independent but friendly. Make a new start after July 5. Don't quarrel with your elders, those who share your life with you.

Employment: Major opportunity breaks for you after the end of July. Look for happiness and progress through routine. Protect health from excess.

Travel: New starts at end of June and after may take you into a new environment, perhaps through marriage, work. Very active travel influences after Nov. 25. Broaden and expand, but avoid breaks due to temperament, strife, mere discontent. Short journeys likely anytime this year.

Aries-born Sonja Henie faces disappointments, perhaps hardships. There seem to be disruptive influences in her home life, which can affect her health through nerves, worry, responsibilities piling up on her. That house she's just bought may prove a headache—she's going to find that she needs the man in the family, may rebel against the war that keeps Dan away. Sonja's year seems centered in her personal life rather than in her career. Starting at the end of March, she must watch health carefully; vitality isn't what she'd like it to be, and if she doesn't heed the warnings of fatigue and other symptoms, she can run (*Continued on page 76*)

Donald O'Connor middle-aisling . . .

ive duty . . .

Paulette Goddard altar-bound . . .

Errol Flynn to carry a torch . . .



As French prisoner of war in "Cross of Lorraine," Gene was required to wear a thick beard. Yipped the day script called for clean-shorn face. No fashion plate, he hates to doll up, calls himself a "walking slum."



Peddled war stamps between scenes, made big sale to Pierre Aumont. First pic gave him the "screaming meemies." Current one: "Cover Girl."

The Beautiful People

By Kaaren Pieck

Gene Kelly's world revolves around Betsy and Kerry. Betsy's world revolves around Kerry and Gene. Kerry's just over a year old. Her world revolves round her stomach, with her parents somewhere close to the hub but still outside it. She welcomes them with cries of simple pleasure. She welcomes food with a moan of pure ecstasy and falls on it like a wolf in babe's clothing.

That's by her father's account. Gene's a split personality where his child is concerned. Part of him stands outside himself and says, "So she's our kid, so what, there *have* been others." That part tries to be objective, but who does it think it's kidding? The other part just lets go and wallows in adoration.

He thinks he's lucky. Out of all the guys in the world there were to marry, the only girl in the world married him. They met at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Show. Gene was dance director, Betsy Blair came looking for a job. If the movies were shooting it, they'd show a flash of dark eyes and blue, meeting and holding. It was almost as swift and sure as that. She was still only 17 when they married. Gene had been tapped for Hollywood, and by that time there was no question but that, where he went, he was taking his lamb along.

Their honeymoon's all mixed up with tumbleweed. They drove out West—this was well before Pearl Harbor—and Betsy had never been out West before.

"When we hit Texas," Gene told her, "you'll see tumbleweed." He described the prankish grace and gayety of tumbleweed. He got her all hot and bothered about tumbleweed. They crossed Texas, their eyes panting for tumbleweed, and there was no tumbleweed. They reached the state's western edge. Beshrewing the day he'd ever mentioned the stuff, but grimly resolved not to let Texas get away with it, Gene turned the car round and doubled back. No tumbleweed. Betsy (*Continued on page 74*)

Sunday night picnics on the kitchen table. Receptions for baby at 3 A.M. A kiss in the middle of a tea party. Life with the Gene Kellys reads like a fairy tale!



When baby was born, Gene burst into tears at the good word. They'd planned to call her Bridget, settled for Kerry.

Scar on Gene's face dates from bike fall 25 years ago when he was five. In pre-college days he wanted to be a priest, studied journalism, law, medicine, before he hit on hoofing. Paid tuition mixing cement by day, soda-jerking by night!

By Kirtley Baskette

TYRONE POWER

Ty was 18 when he got to H'wood, eager, confident. But one year changed that. Here's the 2nd, tougher part of Ty's moving life story.

Tyrone Power is signed up for the biggest fight of his life today as a Lieutenant of United States Marines in the battle for freedom. Already, starting as a private, he has won his bars with distinction in less than a year. Hollywood is not surprised. Nor is anyone who knows the story of the slim, eager, intense son of an illustrious father who became one of the greatest stars Hollywood has ever known.

Battling through desperately sick days as a baby in California, Tyrone, Jr., grew up in Cincinnati, Ohio, where his mother, Patia, taught in the Schuster-Martin Dramatic School. But his frail boyhood body was no measure of his spirit, his fierce determination to lead in whatever he undertook and to run his own affairs. He made his mark in school, had his normal helping of mischief and adolescent romances. But smoldering within him always was the call of the Power heritage, a name great in the theater since the 1700's.

At high school graduation, Ty announced he intended to act. "All right," said his mother, "but you've got to be the best." Tyrone adopted that phrase as his secret advice. Skipping college, he joined his father, (*Continued on page* 50)

Ty, between pics, tried writing history of fabulous Power family from beginnings in Tyrone County, Eire. Below, in "Lloyds of London," milestone pic.



Tyrone met Annabella in "Suez," married her 4 months later. House had stairway winding from bedroom to garden pool for early dips. Together they did "Liliom" on stage, also summer "hayseed" circuit.



Topping much publicized romance, S Henie and Ty Power were paired in ond Fiddle." Sonja was Ty's first rea





Chums around studio dubbed him "Phantom Bridegroom" when wedding scenes in 3 pics ended in waste basket. At his own wedding were Don Ameche, whom he'd met in radio, Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer.



1939, year they were married. Camera men trailed the now famous Mr. and Mrs. Power from Port Washington, L. I., when they pulled in on Dixie Clipper from Europe.

who promised to teach him all he knew of acting.

Tyrone, Jr., 17, played Shakespearean roles with his father in New York and Chicago, then came with him to Hollywood where Tyrone, Sr., had a part in "The Miracle Man." Young Ty met movie celebrities, was welcomed everywhere with his famous father. The outlook couldn't have been rosier.

Then one night, between Christmas and New Year's, he awoke in the Hollywood Athletic Club to hear his father gasping for breath. Tyrone Power, Sr., died in his son's arms.

Stunned and desolate, his rosy future now black, Tyrone Power III realized he was no longer a kid, the son of a famous father. He was Tyrone Power, on his own. And he was just 18. It was up to him, alone, to make—or break his future.

His first days alone in Hollywood were to young Tyrone Power an unbelievable, empty dream. A wise man once said that no young man actually believes in death. Ty at 18 had never met it before. Once when his dog, "Nig," had got old and rickety, they took him away. But all his family, even Grandmother Reaume, were hale and hearty. He remembered nothing about his own babyhood struggles to live. What he had been through could not have actually happened, he felt. When his father's rites were over, he tramped the streets of Hollywood trying to figure things out.

There wasn't any answer.

But he knew one thing: The (*Continued on page 64*)



Carole Lombard used to rib Ty about title of "Mr. America," won at Chicago Fair. (Myrna Loy's behind her.) Critics disagreed on "Rose of Wash. Square." One reviewer said Ty, playing grand larceny kid, stole everything but the pic



Ty's answer to Marine Corps questionnaire asking civilian ambitions: "uncertain." Hank Fonda enlisted in Navy same day. Ty joined M.C., spent 1st day's leave together in lushest H'wood hotel, wallowing in luxury.

Ty at boot camp. Ran James and Crosby close second when he recorded "Ballad of Leatherneck Corps" for U.S. Treasury. Disc sold 525,000 when released, still selling wildly.



Buddies said Ty took training at Quantico hard. No grumbling, but he lost pounds, was always dog-tired. Annabella nixed all activity so he could sleep when he got home. Last week at O.C.S. got 3 hrs. a night.



By Fredda Dudley



Vic Mature and Anne Shirley had wisenheimers up a free last month when they suddenly announced their engagement, just as abruptly cancelled it. Unpredictable pair may be wed by time you read this!



Veronica Lake coached Deanna who coached the Comedians at Leading Men Vs. Comedians Ball game. D. says she'll never move from home she and Vaughn built.



Shortly after Gable's return to U. S., he met press in Wash., D. C. Despite mobs of gal fans in halls, only women War Dep't. allowed near him were female scribes!

GOOD NEWS

Ellie Powell-Glenn Ford wed . . . Gene Tierney-Cobina Wright mamas . . . Alan Ladd returning to civvies . . . Vic Mature back in the running!

Shortly after Glenn Ford had joined the Marine Corps, Eleanor Powell asked him—during one of those hurried week-end trips to Los Angeles—"Why don't you buy one of those Marine dress blue outfits? I think they're awfully good looking."

Glenn, listening raptly to a Shostakovitch recording, shook his head. "Not for me," he said. "Someone around town might think I'd grown too big for my olive drabs."

Somewhat later he was advanced to the rank of corporal, and Ellie greeted the announcement with a blissful sigh. "And think how nice your gold stripes would look on those Marine dress blues," she added, flirting at Glenn from a corner of her eyes.

Glenn shook his head. "I will not be cajoled," he said. "No dress blues."

When he became a sergeant, Glenn and Ellie began to make wedding plans. Glenn wanted Ellie to wear white satin; he wanted a double ring ceremony, which would be performed in Eleanor's house in the exact room in which they had spent so many hours getting acquainted, then falling in love, and finally planning for the future. "Just a small wedding, with only our families present," he said, sticking to the Ford tradition of no swank.

Ellie was in complete accord with the plans—with one small addition. "Now, for the wedding," she suggested, as if for the first time, "I think you should wear dress blues."

From the L. A. Times: "Mr. Ford, with (Continued on page 54)

Glenn Ford

Eleanor Powell



Night Betty Hutton and Arthur Treacher clowned at Canteen, guys rolled off seats! She flew by bomber to Ariz. for pic, did camp show en route.



Until Dolores Moran's 21, she's sworn off night clubs, substitutes studying and canteening. Was electrified at Garfield's card tricks, conjured up for his new role!

Columbia studio before entering the Marine Corps, wore the traditional dress blue uniform of the Marine Corps. He is a sergeant, stationed at Camp Pendleton."

Ellie wore a white slipper satin dress, made with short, puffed sleeves and a throat-hugging cowl neck. Over each ear was a small bouquet of orange blossoms which held her tulle veil in place, and she carried a bouquet of white orchids.

Mrs. Blanche Powell gave Eleanor in marriage, and Eleanor's matron of honor was Mrs. Joel Delson, the sweet-voiced secretary who has long handled the Powell affairs with tact and efficiency.

If you remember your romantic dope from previous issues of MODERN SCREEN, you will realize that this marriage was actually the work of that cleft-chinned cupid, Mr. Pat O'Brien, who knew both Glenn and Ellie long before they knew each other. He considered this to be a mistake. He told Glenn, "You aren't the average guy, so you'd never be contented with the average girl. You should meet and fall for someone special—like Eleanor Powell, for instance."

The next time the O'Briens were giving a party, they invited both Eleanor and Glenn who—with that cognizance of two naturally wary people—decided that this was a set-up, and that in a diplomatic way they would have nothing of it. Which proves how wrong a girl and a boy can be when trying to outwit an Irishman.

As soon as the war is over, you will be seeing Glenn again in the vigorous roles he likes so well, but probably there will be no more glorious dancing Powell pictures because Eleanor plans to make marriage her career.

Class of 1963

He was a second lieutenant of cavalry, slim, tall and very, very worried as he assisted his wife to board a plane. On the flight to Washington, D. C., where his mother-in-law was eagerly awaiting the couple, the lieutenant repeatedly glanced from his wife to the expanse of countryside sliding beneath the wings of the plane. He was keeping a close watch for the busiest bird in America.

However, the plane outsped the stork this time. Lieutenant and Mrs. Oleg Cassini reached Washington in ample time for Miss Antoinette Cassini (to be called Toni) to put in proper and unhurried appearance, weighing a mere four pounds. Despite her small size, Miss Toni was lusty. Gene was doing so well that doctors said she would be quite robust enough to (Continued on page 59)



At Long Beach bond rally, baseball game between Harry James's band and Freddie Martin's men brought in over three million dollars! Betty's last pair of cobwebby nylons brought forty thousand from eager bidder.

Greer Garson



←To enhance each glittering belle come Christmas: Rose Geranium or Jasmin Bouquet eau de cologne from Dorothy Gray. Each $1.50.



←To sparkle her tresses give her this giant size bottle of Drene Shampoo. It has a special conditioner added to set her curls agleam. 95c.

Marvelous is the→ matched kit from Richard Hudnut for all glamour-loving young ladies on your list. Lipstick, rouge and powder for $1.65.



For the colonel's→ lady or Judy O'-Grady. Two kinds of blended base, Miner's liquid make-up, and the Patti-Pac cake. Price, 25c and up.





←What's in it for you? Well, there's Cutex polish, remover, file, nail white, orangewood, oil and remover for the cuticle, all at $2.50.



Christma

CAROL CARTER HELPS

Looking for a little→ Gift Set with multiple appeal? Blue Waltz gives you face powder, cologne, perfume and freshener in box of petal pink, 25c.



Shades of Scarlett→ O'Hara! Give some lucky girl this zesty "Old South Cotton Blossom" cologne. It's mighty sweet and costs but $1.25.





←Chen-Yu makes any gal's Noel a happier one! Gleaming, gay polish, a bottle of remover and a mite size bottle of Lacquerol. For $1.00.



←Baby formul
Buy one 50c b
tle of Menn
Antiseptic ba
oil, two 25c pa
ages of Menn
baby powder, a
wrap Noel-lil



←A super gift that sells for a pittance. Only 25c for this neat box that holds Hampden's magic face powder, lipstick and their foundation base.



←Everyone is going a-foot these days . . . which is why Dr. Scholl's "foot ease" kit is so welcome. Three musts for happy feet. The cost, $1.00.

This tidy case for→ a bright-eyed beauty. It contains Maybelline's cream mascara and a handy brush. It's wonderful for all femmes. 75c.



Jergen's Lotion is→ a gift to please everyone on your list! It's so kind to skin and hands . . . and men love the stuff for after-shaving. $1.00.



Shopping

OOSE GIFTS OF BEAUTY



←We wager she'd rather receive Nonchalant Parfum by Varva than be called the best cook in the county. Comes in a bow-box. $1.00-$10.00.

Here's a Tangee→ face powder, lipstick and rouge trio that adds up to a three-point flight into flattery for the Sophisticated Lady. $2.00.



Wanted — one→ Stocking Stuffer! Here's the perfect filler-inner. It's Pond's lotion to soothe the hands that launch a thousand tasks. 50c.





←Sara, Sue or Sandra will adore Revlon's nail enamel and lipstick boxed like a miniature floral offering. All this glamour costs $1.25.



←A merry Christmas idea, and what's more, a very patriotic one. Wrap your presents, then decorate with war stamps. Cost, 10c and up.


Susan Hayward

report to 20th Century-Fox for her next picture around February 1, 1944.

Cobina Wright Jr. Beaudette's young son was born at 10:10 A.M. one morning. Shortly after luncheon that same day the telephone of a friend rang and a cheerful voice announced, "This is Cobina. Have you heard about my baby? It arrived this morning!" And that wasn't the only call placed by the enthusiastic young mother. You might quote that to the next biddy who says our generation is soft, and starts to give you that rugged grandmother routine.

Little Red Riding Points, or Goldilocks and the Three Steaks:

While Dennis Morgan was in Oregon on a bond tour, he snatched a few hours from government business to go buck hunting. "Ah, venison for the Morgans," he sang triumphantly, rubbing his hands together. He had the deer meat properly segmented, packed in dry ice and shipped to Los Angeles where it was placed in cold storage against the winter's dearth of red coupons.

Now Dennis and his elder son, Stanley, have frequently gone hunting together with a BB gun. They have knocked tin cans off fence posts and peppered an occasional oak tree in the valley shallows, so Dennis felt certain that Stanley would be interested. He described his feat glowingly, and Stanley listened carefully, finally observed in a sorrowful voice, "I know you did it for us kids, but after you had seen 'Bambi,' Daddy, it must have been awfully hard on you to shoot that poor deer."

Mr. Morgan has said nothing about his hunting trip since that moment. He thinks he should write to Mr. Disney and sign the pledge.

On Thursday, when the maid is out, Joan Fontaine has been rushing home from the "Frenchman's Creek" set to prepare dinner for herself and Brian Aherne. Ordinarily the maid leaves some succulent dish in the ice box ready to be heated.

What was Joan's delight recently to find two prepared salads in the cooler, fresh rolls ready to be slipped into the oven, and a thick cut of steak back in one corner of the refrigerator. In front of it was a covered dish which the delighted Mrs. Aherne, having spotted the steak, simply ignored even as you and I would.

She broiled the red points, then set up the feast. Brian found the dinner delicious, the steak done to a turn.

The following morning the maid rushed from the kitchen just as Joan was departing for the studio. "You didn't eat the stew I had cooked and left in that covered dish," she said, swallowing rather carefully, "so you must have eaten the horse meat I bought for the dog."

Beef Grief:

When Homer was a little boy calf, he had guileless brown eyes, soft ears and uncertain legs, but he liked to wrestle with Jimmie Craig. Whenever Jimmie had a day off, from "Kismet" or some such Metro picture, he spent it on his farm doing odd jobs and wrestling with Homer for exercise.

Homer's shoulders enlarged and his weight increased; still he liked to wrestle gently with his owner. Then came the day when Homer heard, from a gossip columnist no doubt, those stories about bulls. He took the rumors seriously and catapulted Mr. James Craig against a concrete retaining wall, luckily some 15 feet distant.

X-rays revealed three broken ribs. So Metro took advantage of Jimmie's sedentary state by assigning him to the nearest studio (*Continued on page 79*)

It's only rarely that Mrs. C. can drag Jimmy Craig away from his beloved 10-acre ranch for a spree at Mocambo. He's more intrigued tending cattle, chickens, rabbits. Lately acquired another hand—his mom from Nashville, Tenn.!



Shirley Temple (between Bob Walker and Claudette Colbert) is tickled to be back working after four years of school. Is crossing her fingers that she can come East to visit her closest crony in a N. Y. school, for the holiday whirl!



Rita Hayworth



Cover Girl FASHIONS FOR YOU

Yep! The famous Cover Girls stepped right out of the picture to give you their camera angles on clothes. First off—while they can be strictly siren in slither-and-slink get-ups, they feel more like themselves in happy-go-lucky togs. Like lumberjackets or slacks, for instance. They claim good posture's even more important than your gym teacher says . . . that it's a sign of brightness to be able to dress well on small change . . . that a fur coat's second only to War Bonds as an investment, especially if you use your head and get a fur that's dependable. They also think wacky lapel gadgets are super-solid. All sounds sorta like you, doesn't it? Say—d'ya suppose *you'll* ever be a Cover Girl?



Hi, Jinx Falkenburg! Is it you or your Shire-Tex slacks giving that snake-hips effect? One thing's certain—this new peg-top cut sure helps to keep a gal's shirt-tails anchored, doesn't it?



Cover Girl Martha Outlaw calls it a "Go-anywhere" jacket and she's not kiddin'. Grant's has its twin if you want it. Jacket about four dollars, plaid gadabout skirt around three.



GRANTS FOR FASHIONS

Cover Girl

See Francine Counihan in Columbia's new Technicolor production "Cover Girl" *



Famous Bradley Cardigan
of imported wool yarn
In the new nubby knit! Just
one of the many Bradleys
you'll find at Grants!
Bright colors. **4.98**

See dozens of other budget priced fashions as worn by glamorous Cover Girls in your nearest Grant store! Yes, Grants has really smart fashions at prices you can easily afford!

W. T. GRANT COMPANY

493 stores in 39 states

"Cover Girl" star, Rita Hayworth, matches her glamour with a tuxedo coat of Featherlite Persian Lamb, wisely picked for its deep lasting blackness and marvelous drapability.





Mink? Guess again! It's mink-blended musk-rat that Cover Girl Peggy Lloyd's wearing. Because it was blended by Hollander, ou Peggy knows it will keep its loveliness



"It isn't necessary to wear expensive clothes to be a Cover Girl," says Harry Conover, head of the Conover Agency. Model Helen Mueller gets the low-down on budgeteering as stylist Bonnie Foster Kelley and Art Director John G. Boetel of the W. T. Grant Company view the new clothes gallery of Grant's Cover Girl fashions.



Cover Girls Dusty Anderson and Karen Gaylord go for the new "shirtwaist" look in spic-and-span crepe Joyce Lane blouses. Could they be for you? Could be, if you have two or three dollars and you know your way to Grant's.



"You'd look just as Pretty, Mommie ... IN A HOLLANDER COAT LIKE THIS!"

Glamorous Rita Hayworth . . . star of Columbia's technicolor production, "Cover Girl," poses for you in *Featherlite Brand* Persian Lamb, dyed by Hollander for lasting loveliness.



Daughter's right . . .

Persian Lamb's loveliness will add to yours! You'll wear it every day, everywhere—proud of its deep black luster, its tight curl, its supple peltry that drapes as easily as fabric.

•

Since 1889 the Hollander mark on furs has been a symbol of enduring beauty. You will find it, too, on your present fur garment when you have it cleansed and rejuvenated by *Hollanderizing*.

HOLLANDER FEATHERLITE PERSIAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYWOOD'S PAUL HESSE



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TYRONE POWER

(*Continued from page 51*)

best memorial he could offer a father like his was to go on with the show.

There were messages from Cincinnati. They wanted him to come back home. Later, when he had got over this shock, maybe then—

Ty walked into the Hollywood Plaza Hotel lobby and sat down at a desk. "Dear Mother," he wrote, "I love all of you more than ever. But I've decided to stay here and carry out my plans. I think that's what Father would have wanted. Know you'll understand." Mrs. Power understood. She and Ann came out soon to Hollywood to tell him so.

There were other letters, from New York and London and cities all over the world. And a great stack of wires and telephone messages from Hollywood.

past studio gates . . .

These heartened Tyrone. They made him feel his Dad was still with him, still introducing him to the people he must know in his new profession. He pulled himself together and shook off the despair of loneliness. He moved out of the Athletic Club into a one-room Hollywood apartment. He got his clothes pressed and his hair cut, and then one day he hopped a bus to a studio.

He asked for the big studio man who was his father's friend and who had written such a warm letter. Secretaries smiled and opened doors promptly at Tyrone Power's name. Ty was ushered into the big office like a prince. The producer greeted him warmly, had him sit down.

"So you're Tyrone Power, Jr!" he smiled. "Well, I knew your father when he was the greatest Brutus that ever played 'Julius Caesar'! Yes sir—I'll never forget one night in London—"

He reminisced for an hour and a half. He traced Tyrone Power's career over three continents. He was charming and finally he said, "Well, you'll have to come in and see me again some time—any time."

Before he knew it, Ty was outside the studio. He still hadn't said what he had come to say: What about a job?

That was the way it went. That was typical. Studio doors opened like magic to Tyrone Power's name. He spent hours with people telling him about his father.

At last it dawned on Ty that he was really a curiosity. He was Tyrone Power's son. He wasn't a personage himself.

He stopped seeing his father's friends. He just went around cold and hunted a break. Then he heard what was really the matter with him. "Too young." "No experience." "Nothing for your type."

And so the months passed. Tyrone had a little money to live on. There was a small inheritance, pitifully small, from his father. He couldn't get it for a while, but his father's attorney volunteered to advance him $10 a week against it. That's what he had to live on—and that was all.

Tyrone moved all around. In that first year he lived in 15 different places, rooms, apartments, dinky hotels, guest houses, shacks—about everything. It wasn't always by choice. One day his landlady came in, apologetic but determined. She said she'd have to have her rent, or else.

"All right," said Ty, "I'm broke. I guess it's 'else.' I'll move." And he started lugging out his trunk.

"No rent," she said, "no trunk."

Ty shrugged. He gathered up his loose belongings and moved out. Four years later he called by to redeem that trunk. The landlady remembered him and, by then, she knew who he was. She was very polite. "Your trunk hasn't been touched," she assured him earnestly. "Everything is just as you left it." Ty thanked her and winked to the friend who had come with him. When they got the trunk outside, Ty opened it. Inside were a stack of old telephone books.

In the summer following his father's death, Patia Power drove out to Hollywood with her dramatic class from Schuster-Martin. She found Ty living over a garage on Orchid Street, right up from Hollywood Boulevard. She was shocked at the state of his wardrobe and general underfed condition. But she was happy to see the same eager sparkle in his black eyes. Enthusiastically he told her he was "working." The job turned out to be a speculative rehearsal for a local Hollywood show, "Lo and Behold," that later went on to New York to make a hit as "New Faces." Ty didn't go with the show.

The home town kids who journeyed out with his mother that summer—seven of them in an old Pierce Arrow limousine—the "Traveling School of the Theater" Patia called it—did Ty a lot of good. He had made friends in Hollywood, but they were mainly the casual hard-bitten permanent-extra type of kids whose only real ambitions were to hang around Hollywood and have fun.

broken hopes . . .

Patia Power took a house in Hollywood that summer for her crew, and while they were in town Ty ate regularly. When it came time to leave, she suggested that Ty drive back to Cincinnati for a visit. She thought it would do him good, and she knew he could stand some more home cooking. But about that time what seemed the break he'd been waiting for came along. At Universal a picture was getting ready that would use lots of juveniles. "Tom Brown of Culver," starring Tom Brown. Ty knew Tom and had been tipped off. And Tom put in a plug. While his mother was in town, the studio casting office called, actually called him. He got the part; $500 salary. They mentioned a contract. This was it! Ty was always an optimist. The Traveling School of the Theater traveled on home to Cincinnati. Everyone was happy, especially Tyrone, waving them off. He'd show them now! Ty almost wore out the script of "Tom Brown of Culver." He had a respectable little part at first. But in the end it was cut down to nothing much. When the picture came out, Tyrone Power showed up in a brief bit, and nobody noticed him. He asked Universal about the contract. The answer was: "What contract?"

For the first time since he had tried to crack Hollywood, Ty was discouraged. Up until then he had grinned at all the kicks in the teeth and laughed off the tough times. He was young; he could take it. He worked for nothing and lived like a tramp, but cheerfully—because he thought some fine day the break would arrive.

Ty quit going out with his friends. He did a few bits when studios called him. But he stopped haunting the casting directors. He felt betrayed.

Of all the friends of his father's in Hollywood, one in particular had measured up. Arthur Caesar, top Broadway playwright and Hollywood scenarist, took more than a curious interest in Tyrone Power's son. Caesar realized the spot

needed was not pats on the back, but aid and advice. He placed himself, as much as anyone could, in the role of father-confessor to the youthful Ty.

Arthur Caesar's home was always open to Ty. Whenever he needed a square meal or good advice, he went to Arthur's.

To keep his independence, Ty contributed his part. He refused to take a job with anyone, but since Arthur couldn't drive a car, Ty became his chauffeur. For a while he lived over Caesar's garage, driving the writer around the studios and eating with the family. It was natural that now, discouraged, mixed up, he should go to Arthur for advice. Caesar gave it.

"You can hang around here and scratch for a break," he said, "and you may get it. Lots of kids have. But what if you do? Will you be able to handle it? Listen: There's only one solid way to make the grade in Hollywood—that's to rate it. That means acting experience. You haven't got it. Go get it. If you're asking me—I'd take the first train to New York."

Ty didn't tell him that he'd already been down to price tickets East. That's the kind of a kid he was—still.

Tyrone had been in Hollywood a little over a year the day he climbed into a day coach at the dingy old Los Angeles station. Ann, visiting in San Diego, came up to see him off. It wasn't an auspicious departure. Ty had just enough in his pants to eat on. He didn't have quite enough to get to New York, so he'd bought a ticket to Chicago. Chicago was where he had first trod a professional stage with his father. Ty knew some people there. He thought he might get a job and stake enough to start him off in New York.

star of the side show . . .

When the train pulled out, Ann cried. Her brother looked so frail and lonely waving out the smeary window of the day coach. She knew how he hated to quit anything, to admit defeat; she knew his pride. But if Ty felt bad about leaving Hollywood, defeated, he never let it show. He kept a brave smile beaming until the coach vanished down the track.

In Chicago he found something going on that changed his plans. The World's Fair Century of Progress Exposition was going full blast. On the Midway there were plenty of jobs for entertainers. When Ty mentioned he was from Hollywood, he didn't have any trouble. He signed up for skits all over the Midway. For a while he had an ironic job—at the Hollywood Pavilion—a place that purported to show

QUIZ CLUES

(*Continued from page 12*)

Set 2

1. Breathtaking blonde
2. Maureen's mama
3. Smoothy
4. No Jenny Jitterbug
5. Zola
6. Brooklyn babe
7. Paramount peach
8. - - - - - - c - - - - h
9. Sad-eyed young'un
10. Wild Injun grows up
11. Yummy in a uniform
12. Chatterbox
13. Coffee colored
14. Drawling; shaky-voiced
15. Smart girl
16. Daughter crashing pictures
17. Bespectacled professor
18. The Captain's lady
19. Drifted to B'way
20. Whom Sgt. York came home to

(*Next set of clues on page 77*)

JEAN PARKER . . . CO-STARRING IN "MINE SWEEPER", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



The "Darling Hands" of Jean Parker—

Any girl can have smooth, soft hands Jean Parker's way.

"My hand care is specialized and practically professional. But so simple," says Jean.

"Your skin will benefit from 2 ingredients in Jergens Lotion that are so effective against roughness, that many doctors prescribe them.

"You'll love it, too," says Jean. "Jergens Lotion never feels sticky."... 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle for this famous lotion, the favorite hand care of the Stars.

The Personal Hand Care of the Stars—they use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1



exactly how pictures were made in Hollywood. Ty acted a movie star in the make-believe set. He got $30 a week. Sometimes he got his check, sometimes not.

He found a place to live in a barn on North Dearborn Street, a bunk-together deal with other youngsters working the fair. He needed to save some money. Chicago was a great radio center. So he haunted the stations in off hours and kept in touch with theatrical circuits, too. It paid off. Ty got some jobs. He appeared on a couple of programs with a fellow named Don Ameche, who was to get his Hollywood break the same time as Ty.

shadow of things to come . . .

He had better luck in the theater. Eugenie Leontovich, Gregory Ratoff's wife, starred that summer in "Romance" in Chicago. Ty grabbed a small supporting part in "Romance"—his first real crack at any sort of steady play. It lasted eight weeks. He saved his stake.

Anyone seeing the peaked youth pile off the crowded bus in New York, his suit looking like an old pair of pajamas and three days of black beard on his pale cheeks, would never have guessed that in less than two years the same young man would be mobbed in the same indifferent city, as the most sensational young star out of Hollywood!

Broadway was a lot like Hollywood as far as jobs went. Everyone knew the name, Tyrone Power. None was interested in giving that name a job. Like a million kids before him and a million more to come, Ty haunted the agencies and producers' offices, smiling at the icy-eyed secretaries—and getting nowhere. His bankroll shriveled. Plenty of times it was a toss-up whether to spend the last nickel at the automat or on a bus.

Later, on his first trip to Manhattan as a Hollywood celebrity, Ty stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria. Naturally, he was besieged by reporters, photographers and famous people. Invitations to dinner and swank soirees swamped him. Social leaders and cafe society queens like Elsa Maxwell bid for his handsome presence to make their parties buzz. One night, after a steady round of this, the biggest affair of all came up. Ty was in his dinner jacket, all set to go, sitting in his room with a pal from Hollywood.

The pal said, "Ty, I'll bet everyone in New York knows who you are by now—think of that!"

"Nuts," replied Ty. "I can take you to a place where nobody will give me a tumble." They made a bet of a buck. Then Ty left the hotel, giving his society hostess the slip.

He took a cab down to an address way below Forty-second Street, ducked down a side street and led the way to a basement restaurant. The air was heavy with smoke, garlic and stale wine. A fat Italian waiter waddled up.

"Why you stay away?" the waiter grunted. "You no lika da food?" Ty said he'd been busy, but he liked the food and he wanted some right now, including wine.

The waiter looked him up and down appraisingly, then, suspicion in his voice, he asked, "You a-workin' now? You *sure?*"

Ty said he was sure. So the waiter took a chance, served them, and Ty won his dollar. Nobody in the place gave him a second glance.

Katharine Cornell — the Incomparable Kit—really discovered Tyrone Power. Darryl Zanuck made his name a household word and his face romantic to millions. But it was Cornell who first had any real faith in the son of the famous father. The idea wasn't entirely original with her. When Tyrone and his father first played Shakespeare together in Chicago, Helen Mencken, a good friend of Cornell's, mentioned in a letter: "Tyrone Power is here with a tall, handsome son, Tyrone, Jr. The boy is green but watch out for him. He has talent, and he's definite Broadway material." Cornell remembered that. When her husband-producer, Guthrie McClintic, mentioned that Tyrone Power's son had been in the office and said he was in New York to crash Broadway, Miss Cornell had an idea.

spook stuff . . .

So had Tyrone. His idea was that if he was ever going to be a Broadway star himself, he'd better be seeing some of the top shows. At that point it didn't look like he was due to be the main attraction very soon. But that posed a problem.

WE'LL MATCH YOU
$10 for 10%

We get a kick out of minding other people's business. For example, we'd like to know just how you're managing to sock over 10% of your weekly pittance into War Bonds. In fact, we're so darn eager to know that we're offering $10 in War Stamps for the prize-winning letter each month.

This month's prize winner:

Perhaps this isn't the kind of a letter you're looking for but, if it's sacrifice you're hunting, consider this:
Have you ever crawled on your belly through a stinking jungle and listened to the whine of machine-gun bullets just over your head, or waded through vermin-filled swamp clear up to your hips wondering when your number was coming up? Walked a lonely sentry post in the dead of night, when a twig snap sets your nerves tingling, never knowing what might come out of the blackness at you? No, but you probably know someone doing this very thing and doing their share of War Bond buying, too. A guy thinks a lot of things when he gets into things like that. Mostly about home and those he loves. Some of us get back in pretty good shape, others aren't so lucky. We try to make the whole mess out a bad dream, but no go, it's very real.
We're anxious as hell to get it done, so along with our regular business of soldiering we like to feel that we're buying in on the future and give some of our dough back to our Uncle Sam every month, so's he can give us the stuff we need, when we need it. Don't let anyone kid you, he's doing a swell job of it, too. 10 percent? It's that and a lot more.

Pvt. David M. Yerkes
Army Air Force
Bushnell General Hospital

How can you see Broadway shows at $4.40 or worse, when you are needing two-bits regularly for a dinner at the automat and no visible source of income? There was one show Tyrone particularly wanted to see—Katharine Cornell in "Flowers of the Forest" which was just opening. He remembered that her manager, Stanley Ghilkey, had known his dad. He thought he would just sort of drop around and chew the fat, and he might get across a hint that he could use a couple on the aisle.

He dropped in Ghilkey's office. "Mr. Tyrone Power? Oh, yes," brightened the secretary. "Mr. Ghilkey's expecting you." Ty raised a black eyebrow in surprise, but he walked right in. The manager said, "You got our call, then—that's fine. Here are the tickets." Ty's head buzzed. What went on?

"Sixth row, center," said the manager. "Drop in tomorrow. Mr. McClintic is expecting you." That was even goofier! But Ty wasn't spoiling this by asking questions. He grabbed the seats, got on the telephone and got a date. That night he went to the play in style. Next morning Guthrie McClintic hired him as understudy to Burgess Meredith's lead opposite Katharine Cornell in "Flowers of the Forest."

straw hat circuit . . .

When summer came, Ty joined the straw hat circuit at Katharine Cornell's advice as "Flowers of the Forest" closed. He went up to West Falmouth, Mass., with a contract to play "Romeo and Juliet" with Cornell in the fall. He worked like a Trojan all summer to be ready. He played cooks and cops, heavies and heroes. He shifted scenery and painted sets.

"Romeo and Juliet" tried out in Baltimore. Patia Power came up from Cincinnati to see it. Ty played Romeo's friend Benvolio. The part wasn't sensational, but one critic said this, "Small though his part is, Tyrone Power gives it a feeling you don't forget." After the performance Cornell told Ty, "You did very well." That was high praise from her. Ty grinned, "I was scared stiff." Patia Power was more critical. She pointed out to him where he was okay and where he was weak. She said, "You'll have to work hard."

From then on he developed a mania for work, and so he lived modestly in an apartment with a couple of friends, spending all his waking hours studying the stage. Katharine Cornell rewarded him with the part of De Ponlengney in her production of "St. Joan." Ty received a telephone call backstage one day.

The other actors heard him laughing into the mouthpiece.

"Somebody," he roared, "wants to know if I've ever considered acting for the movies!"

That was a joke to Ty—after all the time he'd spent trying to get a nod in Hollywood! The talent scout was persistent. But Tyrone wasn't having any. He told him flatly that he was going to stay on the stage until he knew acting backwards and forwards. The critics liked Ty in "St. Joan." He was better and he knew it. The Hollywood offers came again. Ty kept saying "No," but he began to wonder if he meant it. He took his problem to Katharine Cornell. Although she had always spurned movies, Cornell advised him to make a screen test anyway. He did.

The test was terrible.

In fact, Ty's test was so gosh-awful, that by all the rules of show business he should never have rated a train ticket West. And he almost didn't. One of the stories that tell around Fox today is about the day Darryl Zanuck, Twentieth's head man, and his production staff watched Tyrone Power's test. Ty, badly photographed, was thin and white, all eyes, eyebrows and forehead. He was badly directed, too. Everyone squirmed with embarrassment. In the middle Zanuck picked up the boo 'phone. "Stop it," he said.

A producer grinned. "I was wondering when you'd end the agony," he said. "What is it—N.G.?"

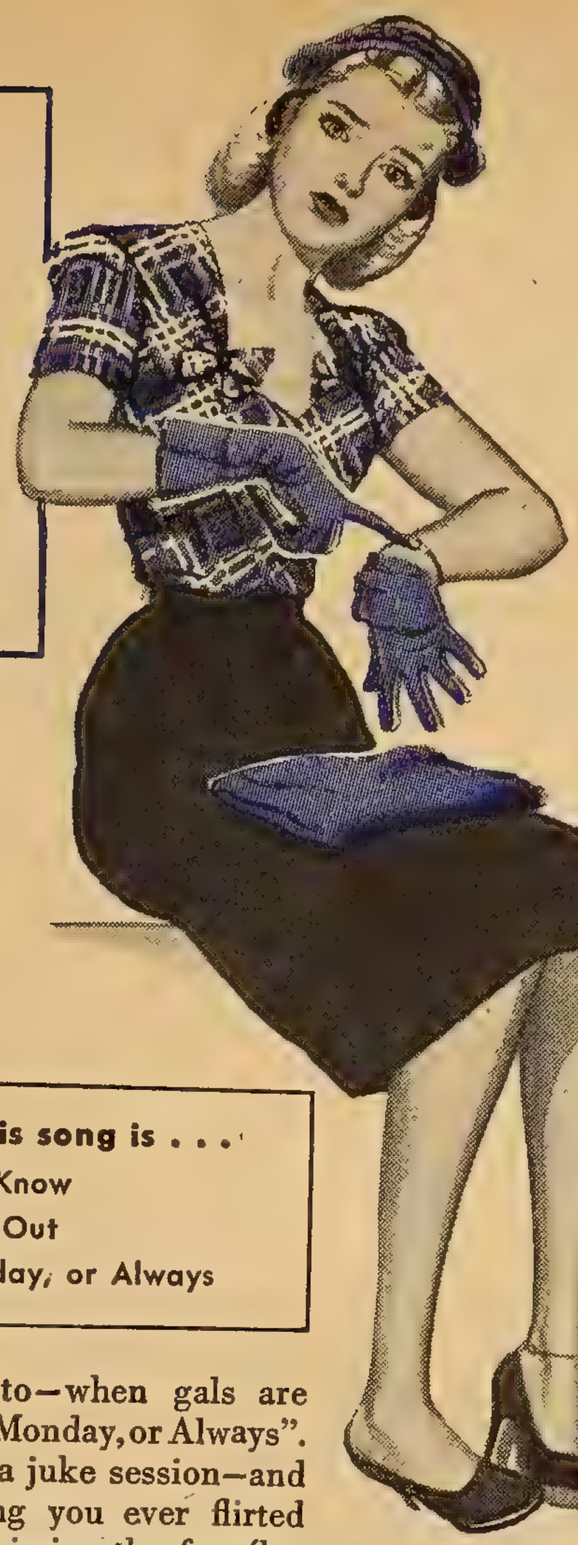
Zanuck puffed his cigar. "That's right," he said, "N.G. That is, the test. Wire New York," he told his secretary, "to make a decent test of that kid."

So Ty made another, and while it was no prize-winner, it showed some of the electric personality that was later to register on the screen. Tyrone Power was In Lucky this trip. For several reasons.

One was that Zanuck was hard up for players. He had taken over the old Fox not long before. He inherited two stars

(*Continued on page 68*)

Are You in the Know?



Would you wear this number for

- ☐ School
- ☐ Dating
- ☐ Ping Pong Parties

Know what's what to wear for *when!* But *how* you wear your clothes is *vital.* For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look . . . especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the *dating* number (above). No outlines need spoil your style.

IRVING NUTICK

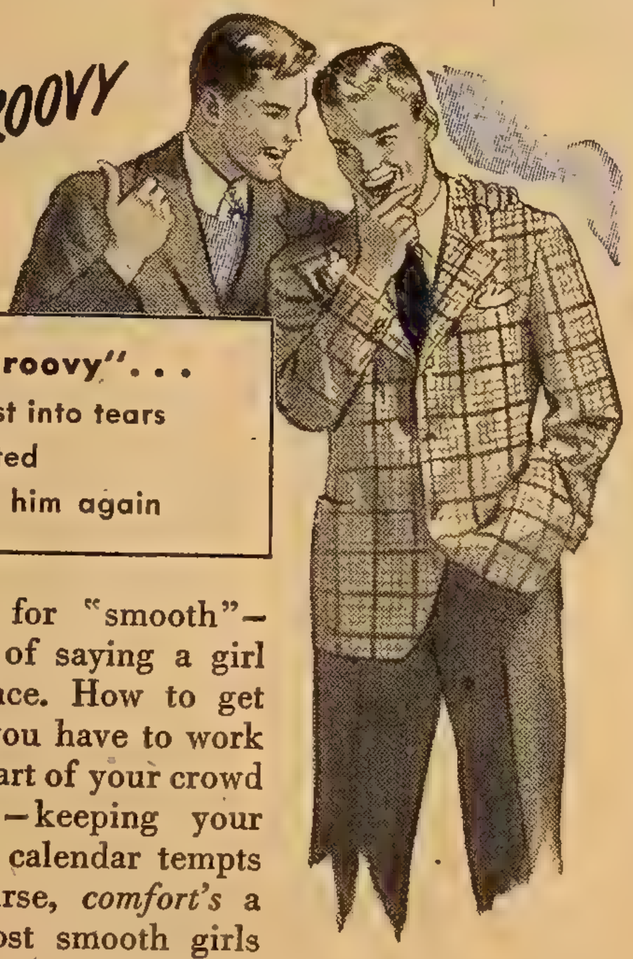


The name of this song is . . .

- ☐ You'll Never Know
- ☐ Day in—Day Out
- ☐ Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're *sure* of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special double-duty safety center that *really* protects you . . . sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!

*Copyright Mayfair Music Corp.



If he calls you "groovy"...

- ☐ Would you burst into tears
- ☐ Feel complimented
- ☐ Never speak to him again

"Groovy" is teen-talk for "smooth"—and that's another way of saying a girl has poise, self-confidence. How to get groovy? It's something you have to work at full time. It's being part of your crowd and speaking their lingo—keeping your dates—even when your calendar tempts you to retreat. Of course, *comfort's* a wonderful ally. And most smooth girls know that Kotex *is* more comfortable.



Did this girl score . . .

- ☐ A hit
- ☐ An ace
- ☐ A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! You're in on America's No. 1 sport. And if *you're* a good sport, you'll bowl *regularly*, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You'll get greater comfort, and you can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a *strike!*)

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a *powder* deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest *destroys* odors. It's unscented, safe, *sure* protection.



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

STOP GUESSING!

☐ Check here if you're teen age and want *free* the newly edited booklet "As One Girl To Another". You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

If you're the mother or friend of a teenage girl and want the booklet "As One Girl To Another", please check here ☐

☐ Check here if you're a war worker and want *free* the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again". It tells how to stay on the job, even on problem days. Facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting.

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*City*_____ *State*_____



(Continued from page 66)

and only two—Will Rogers and Shirley Temple. Will had just been killed tragically in an airplane crash in Alaska. Shirley was growing up and slipping from her dimpled box-office charm.

Ty hopped a train for Hollywood, expenses paid with a Pullman berth and everything this time. He was still 20 years old. He didn't tell his decision to anyone—his mother or Ann or any of his pals, except Katharine Cornell, until he had his ticket West.

He came to Hollywood and rented an apartment at the swanky Sunset Towers. It took about all his small check but Ty told himself, "If I make the grade this time, I'm going to jump, not creep!"

grand entrance . . .

He started his first picture of the new contract on May 5th, his birthday.

It was "Girls Dormitory," designed to introduce the French charmer, Simone Simon, to America Tyrone Power, Jr. (they tagged that "Junior" back on his name at the studio for prestige), played about two minutes on the screen in "Girls' Dormitory." He played the lonely schoolgirl's cousin who pretended to be her suitor. He sat on a park bench and pretended to make love to Simone. His part was incidental, and you could hardly find his name on the cast and credits.

But there was an odd little omen. As Tyrone made his entrance in the picture, the scene showed him bursting through a door at the girls' school, smiling full-face right into the camera. His first lines were:

"Well—here I am!"

It was as if the words were meant for Hollywood. Here Tyrone Power was. No one at the studio had any idea what would come of that tiny scene. Fox big shots barely noticed it—so intent were they on the reception of Simone Simon. Simone didn't click as expected. But for some strange reason a ton of letters swept into the studio. "Who was the boy who played the cousin?" "Where did he come from?" "We want to see him again." Darryl Zanuck had a sensitive ear. He thought he sensed something stirring. He called Ty into his office, handed him a script. "Take this home and read it," he said. "Never mind a test. The part's yours."

Ty will probably never forget the first days on the set of "Sing, Baby, Sing." He played a fast-talking newspaper reporter, and he thought he was doing all right. But he noticed the director had him do scenes over again and again. He noticed the rest of the actors acted just a little funny toward him. He had the feeling something was going on, and he didn't exactly get it. What Tyrone didn't know was that the director didn't want him in the part. He thought Ty was too green and too unknown. He'd obeyed boss Zanuck's instruction, but grudgingly. And whatever Ty did was not right.

So Tyrone got the boot. It hurt him—bad.

But he drew a consolation prize in "Ladies in Love." There were three stars in that—Constance Bennett, Loretta Young and Simone Simon again. All had leading men. Ty's part was the smallest lead for the smallest part. The picture was only fair, but once again letters swamped 20th Century-Fox about Tyrone Power. And Darryl Zanuck still had to have new blood. His directors told him this Power kid was just so-so, too stiff and stagey for the camera, too perfect in his talk for one thing. Damned near as correct as an Englishman. That gave Zanuck an idea.

One day Tyrone found a note in the dinky little dressing room he occupied, in the rows reserved for bit players and extras. It was along about option time and he ruefully crumpled it up in his fist and tossed it into the wastepasket. "See me—Darryl Zanuck" meant, he imagined, strike number two in Hollywood. He was snakebitten for luck at this studio. Directors were hostile. Stars were standoffish. What the hell!

But he reported. Zanuck handed him the screen play of a super-special the studio was banking on to lead the year's program, "Lloyds of London."

"Take this home," suggested Zanuck, "and read it. Maybe you'll do it."

Ty's spirits zoomed. He said nothing to his friends, not even his mother, but, secretive as always, locked himself in his room that night. He read the script from cover to cover, and as he read, his heart began to sink right into the rug. He knew Freddie Bartholomew was already cast as young Jonathan Blake in the picture, and Freddie was at the height of his sensational career. Ty could discover no other possible part for himself than Jonathan Blake. As he read he asked himself anxiously, "Where the heck do *I* come in?"

He took the script back. Zanuck eyed him keenly. "Think you can do it?"

Ty shrugged. "What is there to it?" At that Zanuck exploded. "What *is* there? Are you crazy? Just the whole picture—that's all. Listen, son—this one's a star-maker!"

Suddenly it dawned on Ty that Freddie Bartholomew's part was the small one—Jonathan Blake as a boy. What Zanuck had in mind for him was the star job—Jonathan Blake grown up!

This time it was no give-away part. Ty had to earn it. He came up for a test, and tests were always his Jonahs. A little stock actress was assigned to emote with him. But when Ty got on the stage, shaky and scared to death, he almost fell over. There was a star he'd hardly dared approach before—Alice Faye.

"Thought I might help," she smiled. "Can I run through this with you?" Could she! Alice had always felt bad about Ty's getting booted out of "Sing, Baby, Sing." She has a heart built for size and, cannily wise in show business, she sensed this was the time to use it. Ty realized he did have friends after all. He calmed down. The test was a honey.

love on ice . . .

"Lloyds of London" made Tyrone Power the hottest star in Hollywood. The picture made tons of money, and the picture was all Tyrone Power.

Ty had arrived, and he knew it. Something new and important had come into his life at long last.

But even before this turn in his life arrived, something else had struck him with a sweet, piercing pain. For the first time in his life, Tyrone Power fell in love.

It had been one day in the Cafe de Paris at 20th Century-Fox that a chubby little blonde beauty with twinkling blue eyes and an impish smile tripped over to the table where Tyrone Power was having lunch and said:

"My name is Sonja Henie. I'm skating down at the Polar Palace. Won't you come and see my show? Here are two tickets."

Ty used the tickets. He sat, spellbound at Sonja's symphony on skates. After the performance, he went backstage to congratulate her. "I hope I'll see you around the studio," Ty said. "I'm sure you will." Sonja laughed. They had a date the next night.

When Sonja finished "One in a Million" that made her Number Five in Hollywood's top box-office ten, she went on a nation-wide tour. At the same time, Tyrone Power, finishing "Lloyds of London," took his first vacation. It was odd, columnist

noted, that at almost every city where Sonja played, Ty showed up—Detroit, New York.

He was East on his vacation, after chasing Sonja around the country, when he got a telegram from the studio. "Report back at once," it said. "New picture going right into production." It was signed by the studio casting director. Quickly they had whipped up a picture to co-star Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie. "Thin Ice" was to be rushed out while the headlines were hot.

Theirs was a gay, young healthy romance. Both were in their early twenties, and neither had had a serious love before. It may have been a coincidence that from the minute he fell in love with Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power couldn't miss. Perhaps the emotion—an experience of a love affair—was what he needed to mold him into a confident actor with a deeper, wider range. Anyway, all Ty's pictures were hits from then on, in rapid succession: "Love is News," "Cafe Metropole," "Thin Ice" (they finally made it), "In Old Chicago," "Second Honeymoon," "Marie Antoinette." Tyrone Power became the biggest romantic young star in Hollywood. And with his own rising star that of Sonja Henie kept pace. Nothing at all loomed in the path of their marriage—except that both Ty and Sonja were pretty young, and neither Patia Power nor Sonja's mother was too keen to see their brilliant children haltered by matrimony—yet it might have happened, this story book wedding, if Sonja Henie hadn't taken a trip back to Norway. Ty saw her off on the train. She meant to be gone only a couple of months. She stayed six. That was too long.

no story book ending . . .

Tyrone Power was young, handsome, at the peak of his career and for the first time getting an intoxicating taste of glamorous Hollywood life. He was meeting celebrated people everywhere, and they were introducing him into the pleasant social life of the glittering screen colony. And he liked it. Ty never "went Hollywood" in all the time he was there. He always drove a modest car. He never threw his money around, became a clothes horse, night club barfly or a playtime Charley boy.

The only extravagance on record that Tyrone ever indulged in, in fact, while he was a great star, were foreign trips, an airplane, and once he leased an island off the Mexican Coast with great plans to make it a romantic paradise retreat. A vivid, romantic imagination, never one of Ty's deficiencies, inspired that. But he seldom went overboard—and never for girls. Although they besieged him (who wouldn't?), Ty simply could never be a Casanova. He was far too sincere for that.

But Sonja, his one girl, was away for a long, long time, and those months of Tyrone's life were too full and exciting to sit and pine. One night he went to a Hollywood premiere and sat enchanted at a petite, auburn-haired actress making an amazing comeback. Ty watched the picture with all the adoration of a fervent fan. He remembered those days when he was ushering in the Cincinnati movie house, how he would stand back of the curtained rail in the rear and dream about this girl.

Janet Gaynor was romantically free then, and "A Star is Born" had invested her with a new glamour. Ty fell hard.

Sonja Henie learned about that in the newspapers.

It was more of a social, party and cafe romance than the Sonja Henie love. Janet moved in an established big-name Hollywood set. They went to smart dinner parties and danced at the latest, brightest places.

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a gone goose . . .

But in this period, Tyrone made the picture that put him at the peak of his career, "Alexander's Ragtime Band." By then his small-time beginner's contract had been ripped up time and again and a new one written. "Alexander" brought him a new boost. He was in the top money. On the face of things, Tyrone Power at last had everything he had ever dreamed of. He had everything but one thing very important—a home.

Tyrone Power's romantic dreams of Janet Gaynor and any he had left over about Sonja Henie vanished one afternoon at the entrance to the little test stage above Stage 4 at 20th Century-Fox, one afternoon in 1938. Two tests were scheduled that afternoon. A mere make-up one for Tyrone Power, the star of "Suez," soon to start shooting. And another of a new French actress who had never made an American picture. Hardly anybody in Hollywood knew Annabella Carpentier. Tyrone Power never had seen her.

Annabella had finished her test and hurried out the door at the exact moment Ty hurried in. They collided with a good, solid bump.

"Oh," gasped Ty, "pardon me!"

Annabella was so confused she lapsed into French, "Pardonnez *moi!*"

They looked at each other until the silence was embarrassing. Then the wardrobe girl introduced them. They didn't meet again until "Suez" began, but all the time Ty couldn't think of much else besides the pert, blonde beauty of Annabella and that intriguing way she talked. It wasn't a romance at first. There were some handicaps. First, because Annabella, though estranged, was still legally married to Jean Murat, a French actor. She had a daughter, Ann, in France. Even if Ty had fallen hard, which he didn't right away, Annabella could not have said yes.

But she was something that the too-serious, high strung and ambitious Tyrone Power had never met in Hollywood. She was a real person, a warm human being —that first, and an actress second. For the first time in his life, Tyrone was not leading; he was being led.

And so, finally, Annabella went to France to get her divorce, and after "Rose of Washington Square" Tyrone and a pal made a flying tour of South America. It was triumphant. It was riotous. All the Latin warmth, adoration and enthusiasm swamped Tyrone Power as he traveled from country to country.

But at last in Rio de Janiero he had had enough.

He was at the Copacabana when the cable came. "Boat docks Rio tomorrow. Love, Annabella."

And so at Rio, as the tiny boat lights twinkled out in the bay, and distant Sugar Loaf loomed blue-silver in the night, Ty whispered what he knew he would whisper one day and got his answer—"Yes!"

They came back together and were married one Sunday in the Bel-Air house where Annabella lived. Charles Boyer gave her away, and his wife, Pat Paterson, was maid of honor. Patia Power was there and Sister Ann and Grandmother Reaume. There was no official honeymoon because Tyrone was working in "The Rains Came." Later on, they had the honeymoon at, of all places, the Grand Canyon.

grand finale . . .

With Annabella, Tyrone has found a personal happiness he never approached in the restless striving days of his eager youth. With her he traveled to Europe, returned to the stage for summer stock. With her he bought his home at last, the lovely white house on a canyon's brink that Grace Moore had built but never lived in. With Annabella, Ty remodelled and furnished it to a bride-and-groom's dreams. With her, too, Ty went on acting, never lagging in the standards he had set for himself as a star. "Johnny Apollo," "Brigham Young," "The Mark of Zorro," "Blood and Sand," "A Yank in the R.A.F.," "Son of Fury," "This Above All," "The Black Swan"—great pictures all.

And in this ripened phase of his life Tyrone, too, developed as a person. He had leisure to read and quiet evenings to talk and develop his philosophy of what it's all about. He has had the seasoning responsibilities of husbandry and adopted fatherhood to broaden his character. Even his slim body has matured into a powerful physique that makes his frail boyhood days unbelievable. He has become a responsible citizen and a man. And so he was ready to face another more real and trying test. He was fit to serve his country when his country needed men.

Because Tyrone Power's short but outstanding record as a Marine is no accident. Months before he was enrolled he plunged into a rigorous regime of exercise to harden his body for the beating he knew he must take. For years he had seriously studied flying, buying a plane, winning his pilot's license and taking off steadily in defiance of his own studio's ban. That's why he tried desperately to get in naval aviation when war broke, and then, considered too old for that, he applied for the glider group, until it was discontinued. Now at last, after winning his bars the hard way in the Marines, Ty is in the air, in training at the Naval Air Station at Corpus Christi, Texas.

He was home in Hollywood on leave a few weeks ago—tall and straight and tan with his dark hair cropped close and a keen enthusiastic look in his eyes.

He spent his ten-day leave at home with Annabella and his family. Only once did Ty leave his home. That was for a Naval Aid performance at the Playtime Theatre. The day after he left for Corpus Christi, Annabella left on a bond boosting tour.

The brilliant career that lies behind him today is only a memory, and the future, bright again though it can be, is something he isn't worrying about yet.

The other day at Quantico, Lieutenant Power saw a young Marine in his teens slumping around the grounds with a sloppy carriage. He called him to attention and dressed him down. "At your age," he said severely, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I can hold myself straight and look at me—pushing 30!"

Pushing 30. Ty thought that over afterwards, and his own words amazed him. He felt exactly as young and strong and as cocky and confident as he was at 17 when he set out alone from Cincinnati lugging his dinky imitation leather valise, headed on the quest to make Broadway and Hollywood yield to him the fame and fortune which he sought. Now he was 29, pushing 30! It didn't seem possible.

Yet so much had happened.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We'd been sitting through Jimmy Dorsey's stage shows from 10 a.m. until 7 p.m. Finally, Mr. Dorsey looked down at us (we were sitting in the first row) and said, "I know you're hungry because you've been here all day, so I've had a little lunch fixed for you." And out he came, a tray of milk and sandwiches for each of us. Nice guy that Dorsey, isn't he.

Nancy Arford,
Indianapolis, Indiana

THE CHRISTMAS ALAN WILL NEVER FORGET

(*Continued from page 31*)

couldn't be hit by a car. Not Sam, who'd never step so much as a paw over the curb unless Alan took him.

It was Sam all right. The boy knelt down in the road beside his dog and saw that the dog was dead. Though he was small for nine and Sam had been a big dog, Alan managed to gather him up and carry him the short distance home. Mom wasn't in. She'd gone out to market when Alan left for school. He carried his burden round behind the house and laid it down. He wasn't going to cry. He was too big to cry. Mom hadn't cried when his father died—anyway, not where he could see her.

He'd been too young then to understand the implications of death, that he'd never see his father again. He understood now. A swift vision formed—of himself at the junction, pulling the last paper from under his arm—and no answering yelp of joy, no dash to the curb, no eager eyes upturned, no feet trotting beside him. A tide of agony washed over him, flung him down with an arm across Sam's body—where he lay and let the sobs rack him.

Presently he rose, found a spade and buried the dog under the window of his little bedroom, so he'd always be near. Then he walked off alone toward El Sereno.

* * *

When Mom found out about Sam, she said, "I'm sorry, son," and that was all she said. It was all Alan wanted her to say. Mother and son were alike. When they felt most deeply, they talked least.

But it couldn't have been more than two or three days later that the kitten appeared. Alan found her curled up one afternoon on the old Army cot that was his bed. Mom said she'd just walked in. When he sat down, she jumped right into his lap and started purring. Pretty darn cute.

From the first, she attached herself to Alan, and her devotion and furry helplessness warmed his heart. He pretended Sam had sent her as a Christmas gift, so he named her Christmas and called her Chris for short. A slight family difference arose on the subject of her sleeping habits. Chris thought she belonged at the foot of Alan's bed. So did Alan. His stepdad said it wasn't healthy to sleep with an animal in the room. Cats should be put out at night.

So between them, Chris and Alan developed a system. He'd put her out, she'd run round to the back window, he'd climb through and bring her in. Next morning he'd toss her out again, and everyone was happy.

On Christmas Eve he went to bed early. Something mysterious and pleasant was in the air—he could tell by the way he'd been kidded at supper-time, by the way Mom's eyes shone. He'd brought Chris in, and they lay together in the dark corner farthest from the doorway that had no door. Quietly, breathlessly, Alan waited.

"I'm going to nail up some planks," his stepfather called, "so you can't see Santa. He might get sore if you caught him."

Alan grinned to himself. He'd known for a number of years who Santa was. "Okay," he said.

"Meow," said Chris.

"Alan, I thought I told you to put that cat out."

"Yes, sir." He picked Chris up and went slowly toward the front door. Of course he could bring her back later by the window, but it just didn't seem right to put her out at all on Christmas Eve. She might get her feelings hurt. They didn't put the animals out of the manger when the Child was born.

He opened the door, stuck Chris inside his pajama top, closed the door and started back. There was a funny expression on his stepfather's face—not mad or anything, just funny. Alan looked down. Hanging below his pajama top, Chris's tail waved gently to and fro.

James Beavers must have decided that, for tonight anyway, he'd risk hypothetical germs against a kid's longing. "Some cats have no tails," he said gravely, "and some tails have no cats. Now get in with you, so I can nail up these boards."

* * *

Chris slept sweetly all night. Alan didn't. At intervals, he'd stick his head out to look at the sky, which was full of stars. The family had agreed that, when

(*Continued on page 73*)

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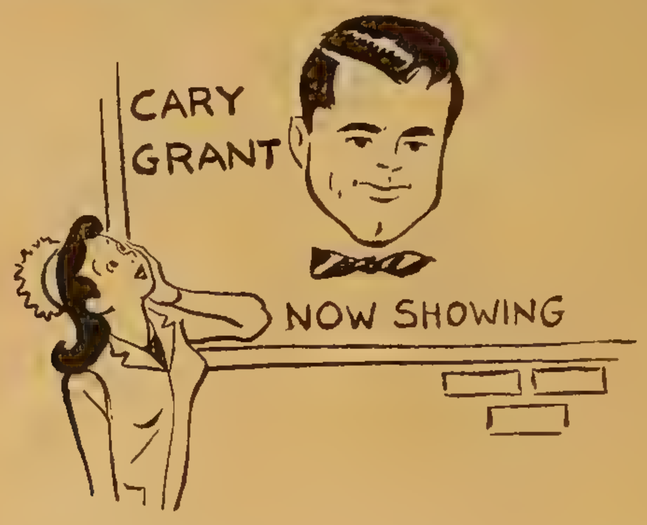
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(*Continued from page 71*)

the last star blinked out, he could call it morning. As a rule, Alan loved the stars. They made him feel peaceful. That night, though, they just acted stubborn. He said, "Please stars, go out." He said, "If I was a star, I'd go out for you." He said, "All right, you ole meanies, see if I care." Next time he woke up, the sky was gray, but one star still twinkled. He kept his eyes riveted on it, till at last it faded. Then he jumped up and pounded at the planks.

He's had his fair share of thrills in recent years, but they haven't overshadowed the thrill of that Christmas morning when he stepped through the gap to be dazzled by a Christmas tree, under which lay a B.B. gun and—!!! He looked again and rubbed his eyes and looked a third time. Yes, it was still there. A bike!

You've got to understand that to Alan the thought of owning a bike was something as far-off, as unattainable and glorious as, say, a phone call from Garbo would be to a fan mag writer. Neither could happen except in a dream, and Alan's dream had come true. He doesn't know how long he stood looking before he moved. Then he circled it. Then at last, afraid it would vanish under his touch, he put his hand out. Solid. Real. A bike. His own. His eyes went first to Mom's face, then to his stepdad's. He couldn't say a word. His feelings were too mixed up. He was crying inside.

* * *

Later he went out, B.B. gun in one hand, the other wheeling his bike. He pedaled up and down in front of the house for a while, then rode her up the hill, which she took like a bird. If you've read his life story, you know what happened next. The rich kids lived on the hill. They attended the same school as the poor kids down below, and some were swell and others were stuck-up brats. One, a bully as well as a brat—whom Alan had disliked from the first—rode a shiny new bike of his own and broke into noisy guffaws at sight of Alan's.

"Secondhand Ladd with a secondhand bike. Whyncha give it to the junkman?"

It was easy to fire Alan's temper. This time he controlled it. "Wanna bet my bike's better'n yours?" he asked steadily.

"You're nuts."

"Okay, I'll race you."

They raced down to Alpha Street, and Alan won. Without even waiting to gloat, he steered his way home.

"Mom, have I got a secondhand bike?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "We couldn't afford a new one."

"It's better'n a new one," he blazed. "I just beat a kid on the hill, and his was new."

Through his loyalty and defiance, the hurt was plain. "Sit down a minute, son. I want to tell you something.

"You know what Christmas means. You know it's not presents. We give things to children because the wise men brought gifts to the Child at Bethlehem. He died so many years ago that sometimes people forget that the gift doesn't matter. Only what goes with it.

"So in a way, I think maybe you're right. Maybe your secondhand bike *is* better. But not because you beat the other boy. You see, if we had a lot of money, we could just have gone to the store and bought the best bike in the place, and that would have been the end of it. Well, we couldn't do that. So we had to start a long time ago, saving a little here and a little there and getting a thrill out of it, thinking how happy you'd be. And the biggest thrill of all was seeing your face this morning.

"Can you understand, Alan, or are you too little? It's not the bike. It's being glad to give up things because you love someone else very dearly. It's being happy because you're making someone else happy. That's what Christmas means. That's what went with your bike. That's what makes it better than a new one maybe."

"Sure, Mom," said Alan. "I understand. It's like when I was little, and I asked you was there a Santa Claus, and you said he was God. That's the same thing, isn't it?"

She gave him a swift hug. "Exactly the same."

They weren't given to demonstration, but for once Alan didn't disentangle himself. Against her shoulder, he found words for the question that had ached in his heart for two long weeks.

"Mom—you said the angels took Daddy. D'you think—they took Sam, too—even—even if he was just a dog?"

"I know they did, Alan."

"D'you think—he's happy?"

"I know that, too."

Then he broke away. "I'm happy, too, Mom," he crowed. "I'm gonna get me a paper route."

* * *

It was the nicest Christmas any boy could have had.

Last Christmas was the nicest any man could have. Alan wishes Mom and Sue could have known each other. Sue gives Christmas the same feeling his mother did.

Last year was special. The baby was due in March. Alan would be entering the service in January. Sue didn't know yet and he couldn't spoil things. He'd tell her when the holidays were over. . . .



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Christmas Eve. Holly and mistletoe and little Santa Claus nooks all over the house. Christmas cards lined up on the mantel. The tree standing ready to be trimmed. But first they had packages to deliver. In Beverly they picked up a soldier, headed downtown. They couldn't let him be late for a Christmas party, so they took him downtown. On the way home, they picked up a sailor.

"Where you going for Christmas?"

"Nowhere particular."

"How about coming home with us?"

So the sailor helped Alan trim the tree. Sue wasn't allowed to help. (If Alan had had his way, he'd have packed her in cotton wool till the baby came.) They hung up five stockings. Two soldiers were coming in the morning. Alan disappeared and returned, hiding something behind him. He was very busy at the mantel for a couple of seconds. When he moved away, a tiny stocking, filched from the baby's layette, hung beside the others. . . .

Christmas morning. Like Christmas morning in millions of American homes. Sobered by the shadow of war, but Christmas just the same. Ohs and ahs and tissue paper flying and laughter and hugs and maybe a tear or two. Practical gifts this year—nothing flossy in wartime. Negligees and a bedrest and comforter for Sue, the expectant mother. Sports jacket and suede shoes for Alan—who was just as tickled as if he didn't know they'd have to be put in moth balls till the war was over. . . .

People dropping in all day. Fifteen for turkey and plum pudding at five, with Alan carving. It's a job he hates. But Sue likes the bird brought in whole, brown and noble-looking. So he grunts and carves. . . .

Much later that evening. The guests had left. Sue and Alan sat watching the fire burn down. He spoke of his mother. She'd died in '37 before he became Alan Ladd of the movies. Too soon to enjoy the years of ease that would have followed the years of struggle. Too soon to share his happiness.

But Ladd, tough guy of the screen, remains her son.

"If she could only have waited," sighed Sue. "If she only knew—"

He spoke with the quiet conviction of faith. "She *does* know."

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

(Continued from page 47)

finally persuaded him that she could live without it.

A month or so after landing in California, they drove down to San Diego. "You'll see gardenias," said Gene.

"*This,*" Mrs. Kelly said, "I'd like to see."

They drove and they drove. No gardenias. "Nothing," mourned Betsy, "but a bunch of old milkweed rolling along—"

Gene let out a yip. "Milkweed! It's tumbleweed, Betsy, good old tumbleweed, followed us all the way from Texas—"

Having been introduced, Betsy watched with respect. Then—"Where d'you s'pose the gardenias'll catch up with us?"

The experience paid dividends. They had a mob at the house one night, playing their favorite game, Indications. It was Gene's turn to act out the word. The minute he came rolling into the room like a hoop, Betsy shrieked, "Tumbleweed!"

Their friends were awed. "You people are hypnotists."

Before Kerry, they lived in a little house in one of the Hollywood canyons. They're incorrigibly social. They hate to go to sleep. Almost any night would find their gang at the fireplace, popping popcorn, eating hot dogs and beans and potato salad. Betsy loves picnics, Gene hates them. "They're young," he says.

"*We're* young," Betsy points out.

It was something of a wrench to leave the little house. But Kerry was coming, and they needed more room. They were scared at first by the size of the places they looked at—especially Gene, who'd spent his New York years in hotel rooms and small apartments.

They finally rented what still seemed to them a mansion. But though the rooms were spacious, they were simply furnished. And one of the bedrooms could be easily converted into a sunny nursery for the baby. And their friends, the Dick Whorfs, lived on the same street. And in time they'd get used to a kitchen where you had to walk from the stove to the refrigerator, instead of just reaching.

baby talk . . .

On Broadway, Betsy was one of those overnight sensations in Saroyan's "The Beautiful People." Her baby's the reason she doesn't go back to work. She won't have a nurse because the baby's bound to do something cute today that she didn't do yesterday, and heaven forbid Betsy shouldn't be around to see it.

Gene's pretty deft about doing infant chores, while protesting loudly. "Who, me? Kelly, the movie actor? Change a baby's pants? You must be crazy." He's nonchalant now, though he used to be a little tense. The one time he really got scared was when she was three weeks old and wailed through the night. Betsy was still in bed. He had 60 pages of script to study and a 7 o'clock call. Chasing between his script and his child, he grew distracted. "She hates me," he informed Betsy gloomily. "I can see it in her eyes."

At 14 months Kerry's such an agreeable girl that her dad likes to hear her bawl once in a while. "Just to prove she's not slap-happy." He addresses her indiscriminately as Dopey or Angel, and is firmly convinced that she's going to be a dancer. This stems from the day when she pulled herself up by the edge of a cigarette table, stood on her toes and admired herself in the mirrored top.

Like him, she's a night owl. "Won't go to sleep till you hit her over the head." This fails to bother her parents, who don't go by the psychology books. Deaf to the cries of the orthodox, they've been known

YOU, UNDER THE MISTLETOE

There'll be mistletoe this year, just as there's always been. And plum pudding. And dancing and fun. But when your conscience keeps nudging and pricking, you can't be very gay, can you? Especially when you think of all the fellows who aren't around this year. The Red Cross needs you . . . needs your nimble fingers and your quick, unfuddled mind. They need you in a hundred different capacities. And you need them because they give you a chance really to do things, to be of genuine use. Get down to see the Red Cross people today at your local chapter. Ask them what you can do. Then go and have the best darn Christmas ever!

to haul her downstairs at 3 A.M. to meet the people. "Trains her to cope with life," the Kellys maintain.

The one thing she resents is the end of a meal. Take the spoon away, and she sputters all over her bib. Pop eggs her on. "Attaboy, Kelly, stand up and fight."

Like most families in wartime, the Kellys now have a maid and now they don't. Betsy takes the maidless intervals in stride. "So what, lots of people never have any help." She looks like something moonlit out of a fairy tale, but there's nothing frail about her capacity for work.

for the love of pike . . .

She loves to cook—learned partly by watching her mother, partly out of a book. From Gene she learned to cook fish. She'd always loathed it, but the first time they went out to dinner, he took her to a fish place and—well, you know how it is on your first date—she choked it down—

Gene, for his part, is a convert to custard, her favorite dessert. But only the way she makes it. Otherwise it's still pablum and the hell with it. He's also one of those who can't understand why God made little vegetables. Betsy serves them and looks hopeful, but that's as far as she'll go. Things don't matter enough, says Betsy, to make a fuss about.

Dishes, for instance. She hates them. Gene hates them worse. So she washes them. Once in a while conscience pricks, and he offers to help.

He's the Sunday chef. "The way I slave Sunday mornings!" They eat heartily around noon—melon and potato cakes made from leftover spuds, and scrambled eggs—no one, brags Kelly, can tie him for scrambled eggs, they're eider down—and honey from the comb and sausage or bacon, for which they save their ration points.

Betsy goes to the butcher in pigtails and what Gene calls her "Claudia" look. "Takes a mean advantage of the guy's protective instinct and brings home the bacon—"

By 3 the neighborhood kids have gathered in the backyard for a game of kickball. Gene's nuts about kids, and it works both ways. They call on him for aid, advice and plain conversation. One lad, a doctor's son, lugged his printing press over to be admired.

"Got a business scheme I'd like to talk over with you. Thought I'd print my dad's cards and leave 'em around at doors. Drum up a little trade."

"Did you tell your father?"

"No, I want to surprise him."

Gene persuaded him that the surprise might be on the other foot, and switched him to selling War Bonds.

If they haven't already asked people in for the evening, they'll start phoning around eight. "What you doing tonight?" Their cronies include the Dick Whorfs, Keenan Wynns, Hume Cronyns, Nancy Walker, Judy Garland, Van Johnson. There's always someone around to sing and play. And since none of them's at a loss for either ideas or language, they can talk the evening away with great content. Gene's friends note, however, that he's never so deep in talk that he doesn't know just where Betsy is. He'll wander over, drop a kiss on her hand or hair and go right on with the argument.

You'd be hard put to it to find a taste they didn't share. Both hate golf and love baseball. They like the same books, the same games, the same newspapers. They studied Spanish together, and now they're trying to get up a class to study Russian.

nothing important, darling . . .

Ask them what made the first year the hardest, and they'll eye you blankly. Gene recovers first. "If I'd married anyone else, there'd be a million things. Not with Betsy. She's so serene. Nothing bothers her—"

"What's there *to* bother me?"

"Well, I read too late—"

"All right, you read too late."

"Once I read till 7:30. You thought that was silly—"

"It *is* silly, but not when you do it. How about me? I mislay things—"

Once she left her ration books in the glove compartment of Van Johnson's car. They were having dinner that night with Van and Nancy Walker to celebrate Van's birthday. He tried to slip Betsy the books under the table, but Gene caught them. Chin in hand, he regarded his wife. "What did I ever marry you for?"

Next day he went off to Columbia—where he's on loan for "Cover Girl"—inadvertently taking her car keys along with his own. At noon she was on the phone. "Nothing important, darling. Just, what did I ever marry you for?"

There is also the hat question. Gene has a flair for women's clothes and yearns to see Betsy in ravishing hats. Any hat on her head makes her feel like a snared pigeon. Ever hopeful, he buys them, and she doesn't wear them. Last winter they were going to New York to see her folks. His Christmas gift was to be a fur coat for the trip. As a fillip to this lovely surprise, he designed a little fur hat to go with it, and took his creation to various shops—where they gave him that here's-a-sucker look and told him what was wrong with the hat. In the end, he found an appreciative soul who respected his genius and made the thing the way he wanted it. Betsy wore it to the station and as far as Pasadena, and that was the last time he saw it on her head.

"I *did* wear it," she protests. "Once last year, and once this."

A few weeks ago he thought he'd found the solution. A beret. She'd love a beret. They were casual and cute. But it had to be right. Not too floppy, like most of them. He scoured the town and finally found it at Bullocks—the ideal shape, the ideal shade of brown for her coloring.

"It's beautiful, Gene," she said. "Only—"

"Only what?"

"Well—I don't know when I'll wear it."

At that point he gave up.

He's got a temper but he never gets mad at Betsy. Bad manners rile him. Take the modern classic example—the guy who sees you make for a parking spot and cuts in ahead of you. Then he really explodes—jumps out, arms flailing, Irish vocabulary unleashed. What makes Betsy mad are people talking in the movies behind her. Gene gives this the haha. "Mad like a butterfly. She turns round, gives with the appealing smile and says, 'Please.'"

At Gene's first preview, Betsy got so excited she cried. "Thousands Cheer," his latest, was recently released. It belongs to Kathryn Grayson and to Gene. In it, he picks up where he left off in "Me and My Gal" and goes on—a long way—from there. We don't know whether Betsy cried at this one or not, but thousands cheered.

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1944—WHAT WILL IT BRING?

(*Continued from page 45*)

into very serious trouble.

If you were born in Taurus (April 21-May 21)

Love: Glamour near home till August, especially powerful May 5-29. Great popularity starting July 26 for about a year: love and social life swell, with a high point Aug. 11-Sept. 3.

Family: Opportunity centered in home, family life till July 26, especially around June. You may change your locale here, get off to a new start in an altered environment.

Employment: Steady work likely; whatever is done consistently benefits you. Unselfishness pays high dividends. Progress via routine leads to recognition, success.

Travel: Short trips in April, May; longer ones, or more permanent removals, in June, late October, November. But don't be jumpy: nearby things demand attention especially after June.

Report says that Marine students under Lt. Tyrone Power learn more in two weeks from him than they learn in months from anyone else. Ty's horoscope shows success in the armed forces. This year increases his popularity and his luck. Change around the end of May starts the ball rolling for him in a new direction. Something about love or children takes stage center in his life. Anyone heard any reports that Annabella is expecting? Could be, this year.

Even though Alice Faye Harris is looking forward to a blessed event, it looks like trouble for her and Phil. Starts in late March, early April, gains speed in late June and becomes decisive soon after. It's possible that this will take some form other than a split—divorce isn't the only trouble a married couple can have—but if they survive together this bearing down of the planets, nothing will ever break them up. But will they?

If you were born in Gemini (May 22-June 21)

Love: Glamour catches hold for a long stay. Romance and good times are a permanent part of your life. Marriage chances increase after July. Have fun, look for lasting ties.

Family: New home conditions in latter half of the year make for happiness. Could mean a home of your own.

Employment: You'll work hard for what you get, but can win by persistence. New start in routine matters in October-November should be grasped confidently.

Travel: The most permanent thing about your life seems to be change. Be ready for anything. Trips, new starts, new locales especially likely in June-July.

Johnny (Gemini) Payne leads the male 20th Century fan mail poll, doesn't seem to get less popular in '44. Fact is, he can zoom in the service, may turn up with a medal. He has courage, the capacity to take chances and get away with it. Danger at the end of May, end of July, through September, bears watching.

Paulette Goddard's secret heart may make her Mrs. Secret Heart this year. She's under very magnetic influences, can charm 'em plenty. She's also got lots of luck developing now, which can bring her financial stability for a long time. Temperament can trip her at the end of June; before the luck comes, there's a chance for her to stymie it, lose heavily by indiscreet, badly-timed flare-ups.

Errol Flynn's troubles won't be over till after March, and actually, till after the end of June, he has to watch his step. Then it's smoother sailing with less of the limelight on unpleasant things. He can get back in the chips this year by conservative means, but has to look out for financial loss if he lets his impulses run away with him. He's going to have a tough time settling down, but apparently makes the effort in the last six months of the year. The house in Mexico will cost him plenty, may prove a headache. Errol isn't stable enough yet to make a go of it, will cut and run from the settled estate probably in late November or December. Looks like globe-trotting, the cover-up of a serious heartache.

If you were born in Cancer (June 22-July 23)

Love: Take it seriously! You can attract older men, establish something sound and lovely. April-May find you magnetic; October-November can clinch things.

Family: Put down roots of your own, avoid being rutted in the past. Avoid discord at end of June in putting family relations on a new basis.

Employment: Decision right after Jan. 20 gives you a grip on routine. Everything's changing around you; stick-to-itiveness makes everything better. Changes of work, or attitude toward it, from Oct. 23 on, should be achieved discreetly.

Travel: Look for it after mid-July, especially through the end of August. A brief trip may lead to unexpected results.

Olivia de Havilland's got to make up her mind about something important. Love hold's stage center—she may think she's hurt before the end of March and crawl into her shell. She's awfully sensitive, anyway, and now her capacity for feeling misunderstood is tremendous. She'll decide this year whether to go on with pictures or not. She's got the making of a recluse, despite her romantic history. Marriage? That's hard to say. She's a very complex little person, doesn't know what she wants or how to get it.

If you were born in Leo (July 24-August 23)

Love: You can get what you want this year, especially May 23-July 12. A friend may turn into a sweetheart swiftly, with lasting results.

Family: Relatives, neighbors, those close by are important; but home-life isn't the most important thing to you now. You make and achieve happiness by being unselfish with those who share your daily life.

Employment: Big chances for gain after July, through things done quietly, without boasting. Even if your role seems behind-the-scenes, results are worth it.

Travel: Frequent short trips likely, long ones not. Change, October-November, may bring removal to a nearby place, for keeps or at least for a long time.

Bob Taylor's health needs watching, January-June, and especially at the end of March. Danger from accidents and to the heart is present. He's a natural leader, has plenty of daring, can lack judgment when courage or ego is challenged. Bob's sense of duty and personal worth are terrific, a combination that makes him a strong fighter, a brave leader, a daring and effective pilot. He can win equally

as much glory in service as on the screen.

If you were born in Virgo
(July 24-August 23)

Love: gets more important this year; you acquire lasting friends after June, are magnetic (July-August), can find real love Aug. 11-Sept. 3. Be ready for happiness!

Family: Leadership is expected of you in your circle.

If you seem over-burdened, look on responsibility as opportunity. Establish your duties, stick to them, avoid rebellion, breaks, temper especially after Nov. 25.

Employment: Swell opportunities to progress, achieve recognition, success. Luck smiles especially after July. Take the lead, win friends, influence people and stabilize bank account. Chances to do all are numerous, the influences benefiting you stable and enduring.

Travel: Restlessness (July 13-Aug. 29) should be used up in a vacation trip. A short journey (Oct.-Nov.) can lead to unexpected change.

Virgo-born have zoomed in '43; five Virgo's were top-flight stars in '43, only one in '42. Leading them all was Alan Ladd, getting more fan mail than Valentino in his prime. Alan has long-lasting glamour influences at work for him, can hold his fame and popularity. But he's facing danger till March, when the most critical aspect in his chart is repeated where it influences him directly. That's crucial. Accidents menace him; he's got to watch his judgment, which can be faulty at critical times.

Ingrid Bergman and George Montgomery were born the same year, month, and day, according to the best information we can get. Both have lots of luck this year, especially in the last four months.

George, reported on duty in the Pacific northwest, is delayed and apparently held back till after mid-January. Then it looks like travel and far places.

Donald O'Connor's jitterbug career is probably over. Very likely it's the armed forces for him—he's just 18—and the end of his movie career. Might marry that alleged high school fiancée suddenly toward the end of July. Don's got the makings of a great fighter, should get in the thick this year.

Van Johnson's accident last April 1 could be the subject of an article all by itself. If he escaped the terrific planetary influences operating then, he can live forever, even though it did make him 4-F. Van's looking for his ideal woman, and it's not an easy search. He wants perfection. Look hard around the end of July, Van—maybe you won't have to be lonesome any more. If it isn't Judy Garland, look for an older girl. Van has the makings of a great dramatic actor, will start bigger roles soon.

If you were born in Libra
(September 24-October 23)

Love: Libra is glamour and love, and now it's emphasized by very favorable influences. Keep ideals high to get what you want and hold it. June-July, and Sept.-Oct., find you irresistible.

Family: You incline to be self-centered, must be ready to take on responsibility after the end of June. Look out for resentments, bad judgment June 20-July 5. Elders may look to you for a lot: Be happy to do your share and maybe even more—it's your way to happiness, even if obligations seem to cramp you.

Employment: Look for betterment after July 26, for swift-developing chances July 13-Aug. 30, for gain Oct. 14-Nov. 25.

Travel: Expect anything; far places hold widening opportunity. Jan. 20-Mar. 28 can take you almost anywhere. Be progressive, don't get into a rut—the essence of your development is found in change leading to increased standing and prestige, perhaps far from where you start.

Greer Garson should be lovelier than ever, go on to new highs of popularity—she's likely to become the first lady of the screen and hold the place for a long time. The latter half of the year is difficult for her, may require her to drop everything for something dear to her in personal life. She values her love for Richard Ney above anything, will go to him without hesitancy if he needs her, and he may.

If you were born in Scorpio
(October 24-November 22)

Love: A friend may become a sweetheart (Sept. 29-Nov. 25)—you can meet someone through relatives who'll be important if you're taking your emotions seriously.

Family: Change in family status can widen your scope, bring you new opportunity and advantages, though you may feel more "on your own" than before after the end of July. Don't keep expecting too much from elders.

Employment: You gain through cooperative effort, via chances coming Jan. 20-Mar. 27. Those whose opinions count favor you May, June, July. Seek added prestige, popularity, responsibility. Good things come your way if you keep conscience clear, self-respect high.

Travel: Need to stand on your own two feet takes you to far places where there's opportunity after the end of June. Your world enlarges—grasp opportunities to "Go places and do things" confidently.

Roy Rogers is going great guns, seeing new parts of the world and riding the crest of a wave of popularity, especially after the middle of the year. A woman is important in his life and helps his luck immeasurably this year. Good year for Roy to buy property for long-term holding; a new start at the end of the year gives him a push in the right direction.

If I have Hedy Lamarr's correct birth data, 1944-5 are crucial years in her life, bringing big change and a new viewpoint. Her temperament can break out in strange places, and with her naturally bad marriage indexes, she may be gracing Reno

QUIZ CLUES

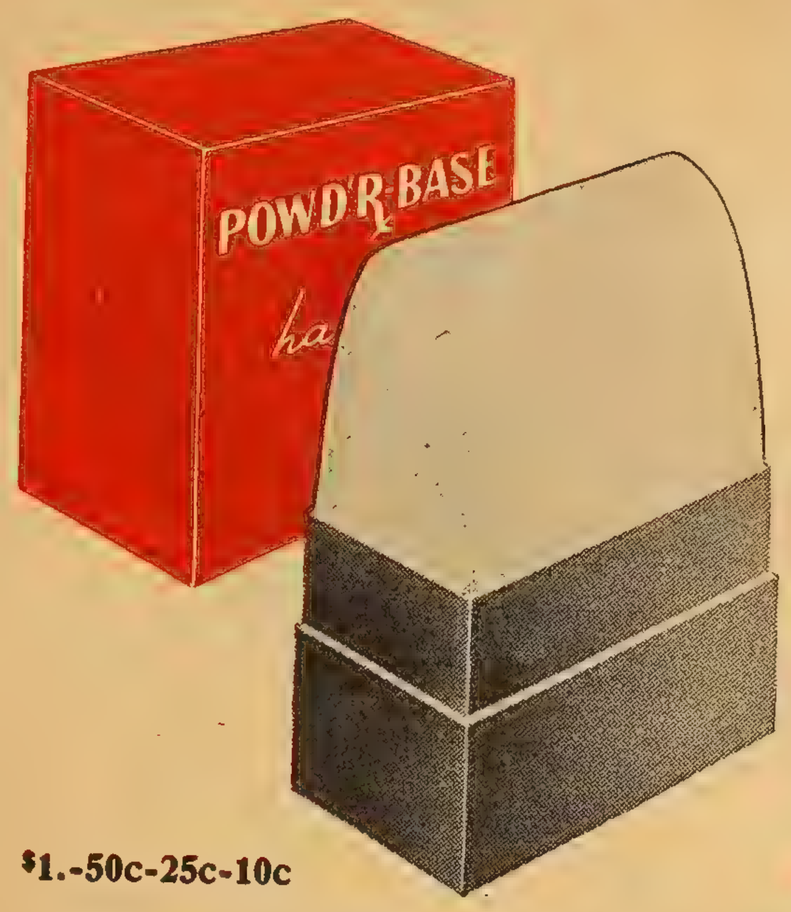
(*Continued from page 65*)

Set 3

1. Marital mix-up
2. Button nose
3. Ex-member of British Guards
4. Rebecca's successor
5. Juarez
6. Ball of Fire
7. Singing siren
8. Wed just once
9. British import
10. Stashed college plans for Army camp tours
11. Starred with Stevens
12. Radio wren
13. Frog-throated gag man
14. Friend of Fonda
15. Hummingbird
16. What the boys in the back room will have
17. Genial bandman
18. Thriller diller
19. Returned to H'wood opp. Bette Davis
20. Sweet 'n' simple

(*Answers on page 92*)

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or some similar center of the 5th Freedom. Money runs through her fingers; she has to look out for debt, sponging friends and hare-brained financial schemes that appeal to her get-rich-quick impulses.

If you were born in Sagittarius (November 23-December 21)

Love: Feet-on-the-ground till June prevent costly breaks, keep you calm for glamour to come later. Idealistic tie can claim you May 23-July 12, can lead to swift, glamorous marriage and a new life for you. But look before you leap—don't marry just to get away from something you don't think you like!

Family: You're likely to be resenting all kinds of restraints till the end of June. Elders seem harsh—but take it and like it! Your opportunity to "be yourself" comes later: don't hurry it rebelliously.

Employment: Opportunity zooms after June; take on new responsibility, aim for a new high of prestige, earning power. Favor of important folks is yours May 23-Aug. 29 if you don't let ego and temperament put you in a false light.

Travel: Distant places beckon May 23-July 12; take trips, perhaps establish yourself permanently elsewhere. Avoid jumpiness, fickleness of purpose—wherever you go, have some purpose bigger than just plain adventure; thus make adventure mean something lasting.

Mrs. Harry James is slated to be just Betty Grable again before the end of 1944, according to the way I read the planets' influence in her chart and Harry's. Plenty of glamour surrounded both of them when they were married last July, but by mid-1944 the sober realities of life have cracked down, and it looks splittish, even though a little James is on the way. Too bad. Neither chart is too good for marriage, and there's more pressure on them than they're likely to take together.

Frank Sinatra's a Sagittarian who's skyrocketed in '43. He won't hold the peak he does now, for the englamoring influence passes. Hope he's saved his money—but it wasn't till August that "Frank Sinatra owned Frank Sinatra 100%." Till then, his partners, bosses, promoters and managers took most of what he made, typical of the influence that splot-lighted partners in the lives of Sagittarians. Frank's a lot more stable than his sanctified sex-appeal career, will be better off in every way when the smoke clears, and he isn't quite so magnetic. He may not make so much money, but he'll prosper financially, be better able to enjoy life.

If you were born in Capricorn (December 22-January 20)

Love: Best social periods are Jan. 29-Feb. 21, and Oct. 14-Dec. 11. This isn't a glamour-year for you, but there's a chance for a good, permanent tie after the end of June, if you're grown-up enough to value what's offered then.

Family: Peculiar conditions with elders, who'll either expect a lot of you or swing to the other extreme and tend to spoil you. Be a mature, responsible member of the family group; an adult can benefit you tremendously.

Employment: Regular daily chores develop past the drudgery-point, lead to recognition, advancement. Better yourself in connection with work Jan.-Mar. 28, assume more responsibility along cooperative lines.

Travel: Swift developments in June-July can take you far, cause a kind of break with the past. Be courageous, grasping new opportunities at a distance, without quarreling with those you may be

leaving behind. July 13-Aug. 29 good for trips, removals.

Judy Garland takes on responsibility—we bet it's a husband. She takes her men, and herself, seriously. Reports that her dates with Van Johnson are for dancing, only we put in the raised eyebrow department. Their temperaments are alike; both are lonely at heart, show very similar backgrounds and psychological conditioning. Sure, they can hurt each other—probably will. But there must be deep understanding and sympathy between them, and there's a better than even chance that, having got acquainted, they'll click. Basically, both are afraid of being hurt, but may discover in each other precisely the safe refuge they seek.

If you were born in Aquarius (January 21-February 19)

Love: Good stable influences heighten your popularity and magnetism throughout this year; restrictions drop off after the end of June. You're slated to get something that'll make you very happy. Engagement, marriage before end of July makes you even happier than you'd dreamed. You're especially favored Feb. 13-Mar. 17, and May 30-June 22.

Family: Your individualism doesn't think much along family lines this year; sweethearts, relatives at a distance, are more important than those close by. Make sure you don't hurt those you love most by neglect.

Employment: Routine won't appeal to you till after the end of June; then you'll find that your continued happiness depends on consistency. Look for practical ways to lead your own life in the last six months of the year, by taking on regular duties soberly.

Travel: comes easy to you; you seem to take it for granted, can spend lots of time moving from place to place. Opportunity lies afar, even though it entails a lot of hard, consistent work. Go places and broaden your outlook.

That baby of Lana Turner's came just in time to worry everyone. Born in Leo, sign opposite her mother's, she came just a week before an eclipse, and it wasn't till the day after the eclipse that little Cheryl was pronounced out of danger. Lana's got a swell year ahead; she goes right on, works hard, and everyone keeps right on loving her. Health complications in June, July, August tell her to slow down, rest. If she doesn't she can make unhappiness for herself. Love's important for Lana, but low vitality this year can cause temperament and trouble which by common-sense moderation she can avoid. I can't get Steve's birth data, but if Lana's chart is any index, and it probably is, their marriage should last.

Capt. Ronald Reagan, U. S. A., is rarin' to go. He's doing important work where he is near home, but in some way seems to be in the thick of things December 1943-January 1944. Maybe just an extra press of work that finds him in the middle, but it looks like action of some kind.

If you were born in Pisces (February 20-March 20)

Love: You'll have to take yourself seriously this year, to benefit by the social-love influences. Jitterbugging won't bring out the best in you; but there's a chance for the Real Thing, especially after July 26. Be alert to chances for engagement, marriage.

Family: Changes at home start popping right after January; you or your family may move. Whatever has been looking like a restraint seems to be removed; elders are easier to deal with. Strike out on your own—you might even be starting a home of your own!

Employment: Excellent chances Jan. 20-July 26, especially May 23-July 12, bring progress, gain. Assume responsibility in your job, to benefit by expanding chances later.

Travel: Change can mean travel, and since change in home-life, fundamentals, is likely, you can look for travel, a new locale for your home and family. A long trio Oct. 14-Nov. 25 is excellent.

Betty Hutton has marriage highlighted this year, though it may be no more than an off-again, on-again proposition. Her career takes a new turn; she seems to get more mature and serious-minded, can surprise everyone by doing roles of depth and importance. She's got a touch of genius, has Betty, and great self-assurance. Watch health, last part of the year, Betty . . . and look out for gossip in November and December.

GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 59*)

projection room where he spent day after day reviewing old Clark Gable pictures. The studio wants Jimmie to learn to emulate the Gable voice.

Brass Buttons:

By the time you read this, Alan Ladd will be wearing tweeds instead of khaki and preparing to make your hearts gLadd with more characterizations as deft as those in "This Gun For Hire" and "The Glass Key." The serious recurrence of difficulties caused by old swimming injuries bedded him, first, in a hospital near his Army base. Later he was moved to a second hospital where he could be given more specialized medical attention. Sue, frantic, of course, left Hollywood immediately to remain with him. At present it is not known whether surgery will have to be undertaken or not. The only certain thing is that he has been given an honorable discharge from the Army.

* * *

"You can't, no you can't, no you really, really can't, oh, you can't get them up in the morning . . ." Reveille, kids, with hot licks in the sizzling Harry James manner.

In the barracks, bestirred by a boogie-woogie beat, foggy joes sat up and aimed an appreciative ear. "What a war," said one. "Getting bugled out of bed by Harry James!"

Yep, he was hep. The terrific trumpeter has recorded all of the Army bugle calls, and these are being used on all posts where recordings regulate the khaki life. However, when the first group was recorded, some of them were rejected and had to be done over again. Harry, who may some day soon be awakened by his own music, thought that the rejection might have been caused by his mild addition of a few jam session passages. Investigation indicated that even the colonel was a brother under the tin—he liked the variations as well as any ex-gator in the Army. The difficulty was entirely in the technicalities of the waxing.

So, on the set of "Two Sisters and a Sailor," the Pied Piper of Pin-Up Girls re-recorded several of the bugle calls before an appreciative audience of officers from nearby Army posts.

Music has charms to Sousa savage beast.

* * *



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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

You know Christmas: It arrived October 15 this year. Or at least the holly, red ribbons, packages, greeting cards and racked brains did. Paulette Goddard solved her overseas gift problem by logic: Q: What would make a man, overseas, happy at Christmas time?

A: A real Christmas, with comradeship and laughter.

Q: How does one send comradeship and laughter in a package weighing not more than five pounds?

A: By sending something that will enhance the man's popularity.

So Paulette sent Burgess Meredith a huge box of vitamin pills to keep him healthy, and four pair of nylons (her last) with six lipsticks (different shades) to make him popular.

* * *

There is a chap on Hollywood Boulevard who will tell you that Captain Clark Gable is one of the finest characters on earth. This chap has long earned his living by making briar pipes. Along came the war with the result that his shipment of briars from England was stopped.

But recently he received a parcel from Captain Gable, who had been a peace-time customer; the parcel contained enough briars for many, many pipes, so the chap is flourishingly in business again.

* * *

Dinah Shore is now addressing all those "Corporal George Montgomery Letz" letters to an A.P.O. number, probably one trimmed with fur. George had one idea and one alone when he was inducted: to get overseas as soon as possible, preferably to some post where his knowledge of languages would be useful. He excels at Russian especially.

* * *

He was blond and dashing. He wore the slate blue uniform and the gallant cardinal cap of the Fighting French. From his expression it was obvious that he was concerned with his own thoughts, hence utterly oblivious to the interested glances of strollers along New York's Fifth Avenue. Suddenly a subjitterbug stepped up and said, "Excuse me, M'sieu, but may I have your autograph?"

That started it. In a few moments Jean Pierre Aumont was the astonished vortex of a circle of laudatory fans. It was his last day in New York. The day before he had kept a promise to Universal, by putting Maria Montez Aumont on a Hollywood-bound train.

When Maria arrived in Hollywood, however, she had a roaring case of influenza, caused partly by change of climate, partly by her previously heavy picture schedule and partly by her wretchedness over Jean Pierre's departure for a combat area.

* * *

The Domestic Scene:

His head was bent. He walked slowly about. His dark eyes scanned the expanse of the sound stage with great concentration. "Any luck today?" someone asked.

Our hero pursed his lips. "One this morning," he admitted, but added with a sigh, "none this afternoon."

"Any contributions?" the friend queried further.

Mr. Charles Boyer turned back the lapel of his coat to reveal four safety pins. "The script girl gave me two yesterday," he said.

Explanation: When the Boyers bought the layette for their youngster (due in December), they remembered to buy everything, *but* everything, except safety pins.

So prospective-papa Boyer has been collecting pins from every possible source. Trying to buy them in Los Angeles is like trying to buy an excursion ticket to Biarritz.

* * *

Ingrid Bergman's five-year-old daughter, Pia, was a recent visitor to the set of "Gas light" where she incited the crew to riotous laughter. Someone asked Miss Pia if she wanted to be an actress when she grew up. "No," she said definitely, "I want to be a director like Mr. George Cukor, because a director is the only person who can tell my mother what to do and she will mind."

Somewhat later she was seated comfortably on a ladder, watching the filming of a very difficult scene. In the midst of the take, Miss Pia—who had watched her mother in a certain pose studying her script the night before—piped shrilly, to the utter destruction of the sound track, "You're not doing it right, Mother. You're supposed to be lying on your tummy on the bed when you speak those lines."

Director Pia was hustled off to the confines of her mother's dressing room.

* * *

Bette Davis, thinner, quieter, but obviously enjoying her work, has told everyone in the studio how delighted she is that Claude Rains was given the role of Mr. Skeffington. Paul Henreid was originally set, but refused to do it because he felt that he wasn't right for the part. Finally the part came back to Rains, who was on the Warner lot under contract, a fact that Bette had pointed out repeatedly.

Gowned in one of the frilly dresses of the period, Bette was chatting with a set visitor between takes. Something about a magazine article entered the conversation, and Bette said naturally, "Farney was such a lot of fun when I was working on that. He and the writer and I spent a lot of time together. He kidded the life out of both of us." Her tone was entirely natural. Once again, as she has before, Bette appears to have accepted a major event of her life with a courage which has extracted the sweetness from memory and left all bitterness to those of smaller heart and narrower vision.

* * *

This department, striving as it does to bring happiness to all, has a super-duper announcement to make. It has to do with "Shoulders" Johnson, otherwise known as Van, a sterling character who is to tweeds what Frank Sinatra is to a microphone: a swoon-maker.

Recently a group were having luncheon in the Metro commissary, and someone kidded Van about a girl he admired. Van, grinning, admitted that he had been squiring an aggregation of lovelies. But, he added, it was all part of a system. He really wanted to meet the right girl, fall genuinely in love and get married. "That's the only real happiness," he asserted sincerely. "That's the way to live."

* * *

Quickies:

The good neighbor policy is about to get an elevator ride when esta rubia, Veronica Lake, goes to Mexico City as a guest of the Mexican Government. She will be accompanied by her close friend, Rita Beery, but she will leave her chubby young daughter in Hollywood with her nurse.

The Bob Crosbys are painting their baby buggy for a third occupant, due in the spring.

Miss Cheryl Christina Crane, nicknamed "Cherry," is losing her babyhood black hair and becoming a blonde like Mommy Lana.

Ann Sothern went down to Texas to be near her husband, Bob Sterling. After an elapsed six days, she had spent exactly three hours with him, so Ann sent for her sister to come keep her company.

They do say that wee Bonnie Baker will marry Lt. Holly Morse of the First Motion Picture Unit when his decree becomes final.

Another bit of wisenheimer conversation says that George Raft has never quite reconciled himself to the loss of Betty Grable.

"HIGHER AND HIGHER" PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 33)

around on all the big hook-ups. They're not kidding about this being a real filmusical. . . Jack Haley plays the same part in the movie that he did in the Rodgers and Hart Broadway production of "Higher and Higher" back around 1941. This is definitely a pre-war affair. No tears or worries, just wise-cracking by Haley at his best and swoon stuff by Sinatra. . . . It's Michele Morgan's first comedy in this country, and Frank's first crack at acting. He did appear in a picture recently singing with T. Dorsey's band, but gosh, in this, he walks, talks and sings, too, all for the same admission price! . . . We've got a Cinderella in Barbara Hale. She started out as a model in Chicago and has only been in pictures a quick six months, doing bit parts. In "Higher and Higher" she not only got the second feminine lead, but gets to kiss Sinatra, marry him, 'n everythin'! . . . Tim Whalen, the director, is getting himself a reputation as a perfect jinx—the nice kind this time. The man's positively psychic as far as picking out talent goes. He's the lad who discovered that Victor Mature was nothing short of a dream man, and a whole year ago, he cooked up this deal with Sinatra. If that isn't foresight 'r somethin'.

"HIGHER AND HIGHER" STORY

(Continued from page 32)

buy one, sir," Byngham said. "It's seven o'clock by the sundial."

"Mike!" Mr. Drake yelled. "Get this man out of here."

Mike O'Brien sat up sleepily on the other enormous bed in Mr. Drake's bedroom and rubbed his eyes. He looked at Byngham and nodded.

"O. K. Byngie," he said. "He's up now. I'll take over."

Byngham nodded imperturbably. He crossed to the door and lifted Cyrus Drake's jacket from the floor. He dusted it off carefully. Reaching through the pickets he extracted matchbooks that showed that Mr. Drake had visited, in succession, the previous night, the Club Gala, Happy House, The Tombstone, The Pelican Club, the Bit O' Paree and Lefty Houston's Third Avenue Bar and Grill. He also extracted a letter. The letter was still sealed.

"The letter, sir," Byngham said. "I've been telling you about it every night for a month. It is still unopened."

"Well, mail it," Drake said. "What am I paying you for?"

"It was mailed," Byngham said. "It was mailed to you."

"Terrible service," Drake said. "I'll have to talk to the O. P. A."

Mike said: "Leave it there. I'll take care of it now."

When Byngham left, Mike got up a little groggily and picked up the letter.

"Want me to read it?" Mike said.

Cyrus Drake sat up in bed once more, shook himself thoroughly and said: "Business before pleasure. Read it."

The letter contained two paragraphs. The first one, in words of three syllables or more, made a point about bankruptcy.

"It means," Mike said pleasantly, "that



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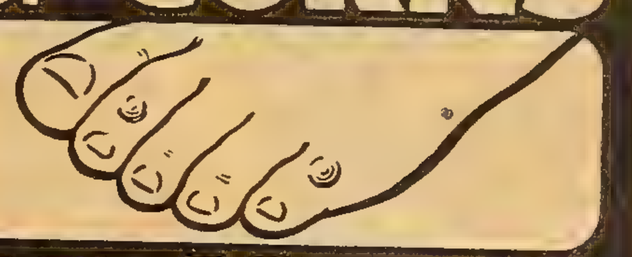
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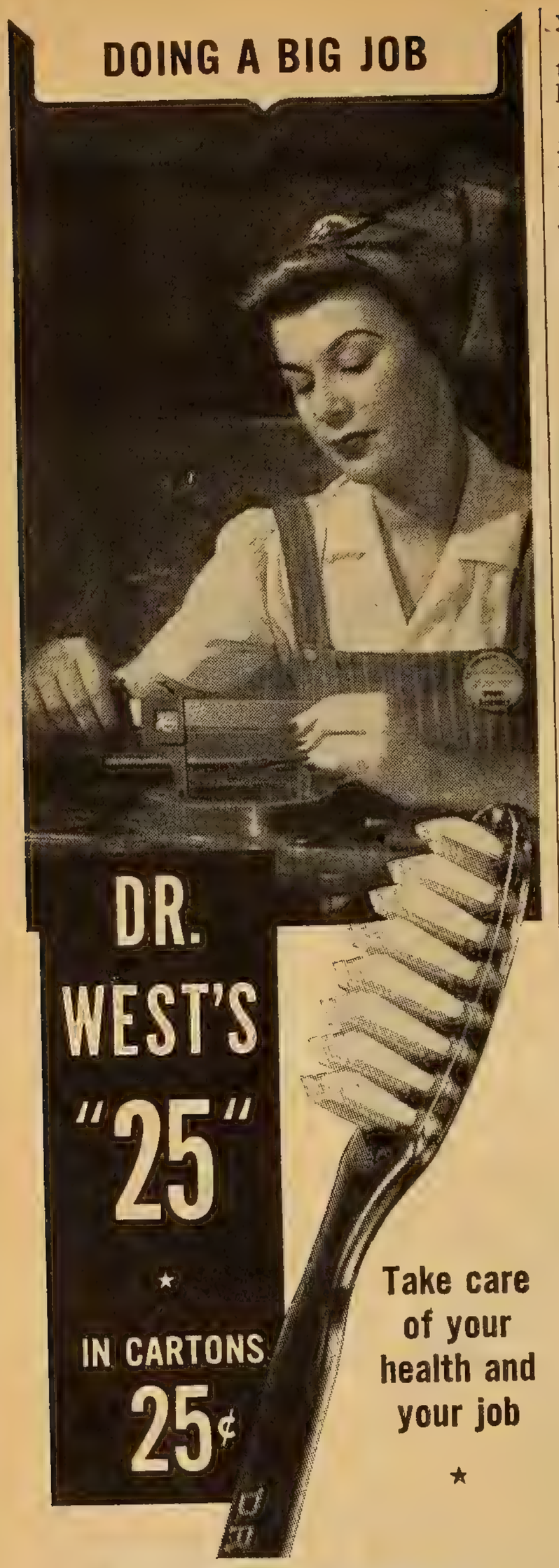
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you're broke. In a word, washed up!"

"Oh," said Cyrus Drake; he slid back to the pillow again. "Wake me up in a half hour."

At eight o'clock promptly, Cyrus Drake rose, dressed carefully and walked down the gilt and gold staircase of his New York mansion, crossed a small hall and entered the baronial dining room lit for dinner. The dining room, that is, was lit. He inspected the long, beautiful table for a moment and then decisively walked to the swinging doors that led to the spacious kitchen.

family retainers . . .

"You are all invited," he said to the servants, "to dine with me tonight."

That is exactly how it happened that Mickey and Marty, footman and first maid, Hilda, the upstairs maid, Byngham, the butler, Mrs. Whiffen, the cook, Millie, the slavey, Oscar, the chauffeur, Mike O'Brien, valet extraordinary, and Sandy, the social secretary, happened to dine with Cyrus Drake one spring evening.

At the dinner table, Cyrus made a short speech and to the point: "Friends," he said, "I'm broke. The bank says so. They added up all the numbers, and it came out minus."

Marty said: "All the dough that's been in the family all these years!"

"What are we going to do now?" Hilda asked.

"Yes," Drake said, picking at the food, "what are we going to do now?"

Mike O'Brien said: "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. I got an idea."

Byngham said: "We can use one."

"The Drake name is still money in the bank. Top drawer. Best in New York. Now if he had a daughter—"

"I have one," Drake said.

"You have one!"

"She's with my wife."

"Where's your wife?"

"There are some questions," Drake said, "that I leave alone. Last heard from, she was in Switzerland."

"What's her name?"

"Pamela."

"Now if Pamela Drake were in town," Mike said excitedly, "she'd be able to hook herself a guy and a million bucks in no time at all. She'd be terrific."

"But," Byngham groaned, "we don't know where Pamela Drake is."

ersatz daughter . . .

"So what?" Mike said. "That's fine. Neither does anyone else. Now just suppose—" his eye traveled over the table; from Mickey to Sandy, from Hilda to Mrs. Whiffen and then finally to Millie, the slavey, looking up at him excitedly. "Now just suppose," he said, "that Millie became Pamela Drake!"

The plan was so simple, it was fantastic. Mike O'Brien took over the job of making Millie into Pamela Drake, debutante, heiress of the Drake millions.

Millie was beautiful. Under the drab of the servant girl's costume was pure gold. Transformed, Millie was a willow, poised and beautiful; dressed in the best Fifth Avenue had to offer, she was breathtaking; coiffed, manicured, shining, she was a pure joy to the eyes.

Mike O'Brien stood back and looked at her: "Wonderful," he said. "Now remember. Who are you?"

"Millie."

"No," Mike said. "Pamela Drake."

"Yes, Mike."

"Put a little more enthusiasm into it. Don't you want to be Pamela Drake?"

"I don't know, Mike," she said slowly.

"Why not?" Mike groaned.

Sandy said: "Maybe she's in love."

"With whom?" Mike said. "I never saw any guys around."

"Well," Sandy said, "maybe it's the guy next door. It's a possibility."

"What guy?" Mike said.

"She waves to him every night through the window."

"Yes, he's nice," Millie said.

"Who is he?" Mike said.

Just then the door bell rang. It was a young man, a little thin, with large, pleading eyes. There was something very appealing about him. He was carrying a bouquet of flowers. The servants gathered around him curiously. But when he saw Millie, he walked toward her boyishly and extended the flowers.

"You haven't waved the past few days," he said. "I thought you were ill."

"Is this the guy?" Mike said.

"Yes," Millie said. "That's him."

"Who are you?" Mike said.

The fellow grinned at him modestly: "I'm Frank Sinatra."

Mickey, the upstairs maid, fainted.

"Sinatra," Sandy said faintly.

"Thank you for the flowers," Millie said.

"Not at all, Miss—Miss—"

"Millie."

Mike O'Brien yelled: "Pamela Drake. She's Pamela Drake. Millie's just a nickname."

"Oh," Frank said, puzzled. "Funny, I thought she just worked here. I was going to ask her to wear the flowers to the Butlers' Ball. My chambermaid invited me to sing there."

"Oh, I'd love to go to the Butlers' Ball."

Mike said desperately: "Of course, you're going. You're one of the patrons. Don't you remember they invited you to sponsor it this year—"

Millie said: "What?"

Mike said hurriedly: "So long, Frank. Glad you dropped in. See you at the Ball." He opened the door and almost pushed the pleasant young man out.

The Butlers' Ball glittered sedately in one of the fanciest ballrooms of one of New York's biggest, handsomest hotels. In the boxes that lined the balcony two groups eyed each other rather hostilely. In one of the patron's boxes, Millie sat splendidly, flanked by Cyrus Drake on one side and by Mike O'Brien on the other. In the second of the two boxes, Katharine Keating, whose place as Number One Deb of the Year, had seemed secure until Pamela Drake had arrived, sat haughtily, flanked also: on one side, her mother; on her left a rather languid gentleman who went by the name of Sir Wilton Fitzroy Wilton, K. B., O. B. E.

Mike O'Brien leaned over and whispered in Millie's ear: "See that thin slice of corn by Keating's side? Take a good look at him. That's your next husband."

"But I don't even know him."

"A detail," Mike said. "That's the boy we're after."

bumpsi-daisy . . .

On the stage now, Frank Sinatra was singing, his voice almost caressing, soft, whispering of romance and moonlight. The orchestra played softly behind him, weaving a spell of magic around the melody. Katharine Keating and Sir Wilton rose to dance. Mike was on his feet.

"Come on," he said. "That's our cue. Here's where we meet Sir Wilton."

They circled the half darkened floor, and in Mike's arms, Millie looked up at his face. "I like to dance with you."

"Do you?" Mike said.

"Do you get that feeling?" Millie said. "You're walking on air. You're away from this world floating higher and higher."

"That's just Sinatra's voice," Mike said.

"Maybe," Millie said. "But maybe it's—"

Mike said tensely: "Now!"

He twirled her out and, caught by surprise, Millie almost stumbled. She tried to recover. One leg went out awkwardly;

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a shoe flew off. She spun once more and crashed into a man's arms. Sir Wilton looked at her in amazement.

"How charming you Americans are," said Sir Wilton. "How utterly charming."

And that was how Pamela Drake happened to meet Sir Wilton.

After that, events moved swiftly. It was odd how simple everything was. Sir Wilton was almost jelly each time he saw Millie. And he did see her again, several times. He saw her at the Debutantes Dansant when Millie was voted Number One Deb of the Year. Everything went wonderfully. It was only a matter of time until he proposed.

And Mike O'Brien saw to it that Sir Wilton got his chance to propose. He arranged a party at the Drake mansion.

half a love . . .

"This is the big night, kid," he said to Millie. "This is when we collect on all the bets. This is the payoff."

"You think he'll propose tonight?"

"If he doesn't, you can put me in a corner and call me dopey," Mike said.

When he left, Millie stood despondently by the window. Someone came into the room and sat down at the piano. It was Frank Sinatra. Frantically, she motioned to him to come outside and meet her. He looked at her, puzzled. Then he understood, nodded yes. Millie slipped out the back door, hurriedly. She thought no one saw her, but Mickey standing in the shadow of the stairs, saw her go out.

"Frank," Millie said to Frank Sinatra, "you've got to help me."

"Sure," Frank said.

"Were you ever in love?"

"Well," Frank said. "Well, no. Not yet."

"I am," Millie said.

"That's fine," Frank said.

"The man I love wants me to get married."

Frank said, "Good fellow."

"He wants me to get married to someone else."

"What?" Frank said. "Say that again."

They had come down the street and into the park. Under the soft lights a night wind whispered between the trees.

The music welled up, and Frank's soft voice took up the refrain. Then out of the darkness, Mike O'Brien came storming.

"Listen, you imitation bird," he said heatedly. "What are you doing out here?"

"I asked him," Millie said.

"Well, ask me to take you back. Sir Wilton's burning up waiting for you."

"Mike," Millie said softly, pleadingly, "do you want me to marry him?"

"Sure," Mike said harshly. "And that's all I want. Let's get away from this spurious sparrow. Come on."

"Thanks, Frank," Millie said.

And that night, on schedule, Sir Wilton proposed to Millie. Millie accepted.

The day of the wedding was a little sultry. Clouds lined the sky over the skyscrapers of New York. But in the Drake mansion, all was excitement. In the upstairs boudoir they were getting Millie ready for the ceremony. Downstairs, Sir Wilton paced up and down languidly looking at his watch. Mike looked everything over for a last O. K. and then raced upstairs to check on Millie. When he got to the boudoir, he found Mickey and Sandy but no Millie.

"Where is she?"

"Up in the attic," Sandy said.

"What is she doing there?"

"You know the old rhyme. Something old, something blue— She's trying to dig it up."

"No time for that," Mike said.

He went up to the attic. The great room was musty and dark. Through a high window, the sunlight came spattering the old wooden floor with gold. Old chests,

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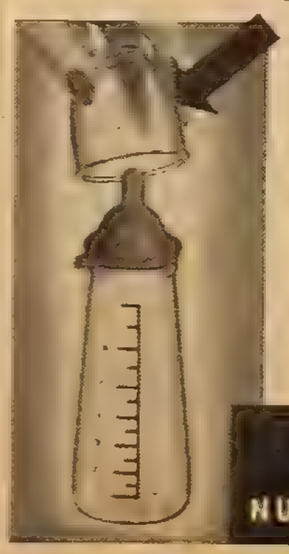
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Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

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dusty and hidden, lined the sides; in one corner an old music box stood, still waiting patiently to play its tinkling minuet. Across the room, caught in a shaft of sunlight, Mike saw Millie.

"Hey," he said softly. "Millie. You're beautiful."

She looked up, seeing him: "Am I?"

"Wonderful," he said.

a woman's privilege . . .

She came toward him walking a little sadly. When she passed the music box she lifted the lid curiously. The old gay music spilled out. She laughed, and she was going to drop the lid.

"Wait, let it play," Mike said. "It's music for you. Dance?"

They waltzed slowly around the musty old attic. Mike was looking down at her softly, fondly, holding her gently.

"You don't want to marry Sir Wilton," he said, "do you?"

"No, Mike. Not really."

"You don't have to," he said. "I didn't know it before. I can't make you do it."

There was a clatter of steps on the attic floor, and Byngham, Drake and Marty broke in.

"We thought you ran out on us," Byngham said. "Sir Wilton's suspicious."

"Let him," Mike said. "Millie isn't going to marry him."

"What!" Byngham yelled.

"Listen," Mike said harshly. "The kid's in love. We can't make her marry him."

"We need the money," Byngham said.

"Millie's going to get married to the guy she loves," Mike said. "To Frank Sinatra."

Behind Mike an open dumbwaiter shaft yawned. Marty yanked Millie and started her out of the attic. Mike moved. But not quickly enough. Byngham was even quicker. He pushed. And Mike tumbled into the waiting dumbwaiter.

running interference . . .

Tumbling out of the dumbwaiter at the bottom of the shaft, Mike found himself in a large room that he had never seen before. It was a huge panelled room; in one corner was a tremendous fireplace. One wall was lined with wine racks. Mike reached for a bottle curiously, blew the dust off, read the label.

Then suddenly he understood. There had once been a tavern on the site of the Drake Mansion, back almost in the days of New Amsterdam. The meaning of the whole thing dawned on him. The invaluable old furniture, the wines aged enough to be worth their weight in gold: money! Millie didn't have to marry Sir Wilton!

He realized suddenly that he could hear the whisper of voices. Checking, he found an open vent in the wall. The voice he heard was the voice of the preacher reading the marriage ceremony.

The voice droned: ". . . anyone who can show cause why these two people should not be joined in matrimony . . ."

If he could hear voices, Mike thought swiftly, they should be able to hear his.

He shouted: "There is cause. She isn't Pamela Drake. She's Millie. Just a servant!"

And he spilled out the story. He grinned as he heard the shouts of consternation wafting down to him through the wall vent. That stopped the wedding all right.

Stopped it cold!

So he was waiting for them when they broke into the room, Byngham and Drake and Marty and all the others, fighting mad. But when he got through explaining to them about the old tavern, they calmed down.

Byngham said: "My apologies, old man. Stay here and take over this place for us. We can run it as a night club. You manage it."

"No," Mike said, "I'm pulling out now. Just tell Millie to be happy. With Frank—"

He walked out quickly before any of them had a chance to stop him. He walked out and left it all flat. He wanted to get away. Maybe he'd forget Millie, forget the girl with the large, lovely eyes and the charming smile. She wasn't for him. She was for another guy. Just pull up stakes, then; get away—

So it wasn't until two months later that the news came through to him that Frank Sinatra had married Katharine Keating. And when he heard it, he came raging back to New York, back to the Inn on the site of the old Drake mansion.

He found it full of charming people. It was a success, the biggest night club success in New York for a decade. It had an air, different, amusing. But he didn't stop to look at it. He was searching for a face, a smile. He walked swiftly through the room, through to the kitchen. He looked around. Over by the sink a familiar figure was hacking diligently at the dishes. Mike O'Brien grinned for the first time in two months.

"Millie!" he called.

And when she turned, he didn't need to know anything more. Everything he wanted to know was there in her eyes. He felt as if he were walking on air, floating higher and higher. That was love, wasn't it? Through the swinging doors of the kitchen he could hear the orchestra playing, and over it came the soft voice of Frank Sinatra singing of love and romance, moonlight and the touch of lips in the dark. But he didn't need Sinatra to tell him about love now. He didn't need anything.

All he needed was Millie.

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CAST

Millie	*Michele Morgan*
Mike	*Jack Haley*
Frank Sinatra	*Frank Sinatra*
Drake	*Leon Errol*
Mickey	*Marcy McQuire*
Katherine	*Barbara Hale*
Hilda	*Grace Hartman*
Byngham	*Paul Hartman*
Sandy	*Mary Wickes*
Marty	*Mel Torme*
Oscar	*Dooley Wilson*
Mrs. Keating	*Elizabeth Risdon*
Mrs. Whiffen	*Ivy Scott*
Mr. Green	*Rex Evans*
Fitzroy Wilton	*Victor Borge*

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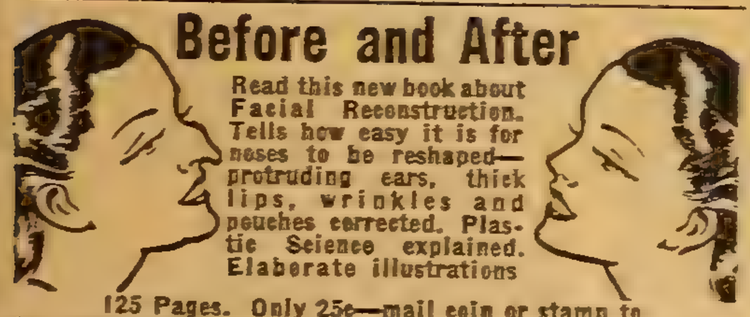
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GOB AND A GIRL

(Continued from page 35)

decided that he wanted to fight now, instead of waiting until he had finished his course. He met another chap who had reached the star salesman's position in one of the nation's most successful business organizations. Another man had been associated in business with his father and had been planning to be married—"but we decided to wait. Things may be pretty uncertain for me."

Gig kept still. He asked questions of others and listened attentively; about himself he said nothing. Finally he wandered out to the platform for a smoke and was joined by a tall, rangy character who said quietly, "Say, riding in this three-tiered bunk car is quite a comedown after traveling in a Flying Fortress, isn't it, Captain?"

Gig took it easy. "How do you mean?" he temporized.

kidding the captain . . .

"I saw 'Air Force' six times," the boot said. "Swell picture. You did a fine job. And I liked your getting promoted—right in the thick of things—from lieutenant to captain."

Gig grinned. "Yeah. It was a long picture," he said. "Do me a big favor, will you, please? Just don't say anything about this to the other guys. Okay?"

The boot surveyed Gig appreciatively. "Sure—if that's the way you want it."

Toward morning he awakened with a frightful jar. "Oakland," he thought. Cautiously he raised the blind a few inches to take a squint at his new base. . . . He noted the dry-bed river, the span of concrete bridges. He blinked. This was all oddly familiar. . . . Los Angeles! They were just pulling out at 3 A.M. . . . that meant at least 14 hours of travel and at least 5 more hours of blissful sleep.

Gig turned over and buried his face in the pillow with a grunt of contentment.

The following night he had his first experience with Navy regimentation. He fell in line behind a serpentine of boots, took a dinner tray and proffered it along the food-assembly queue. "That's no way to carry your tray, Mister," the bo'sun observed. "Turn it around."

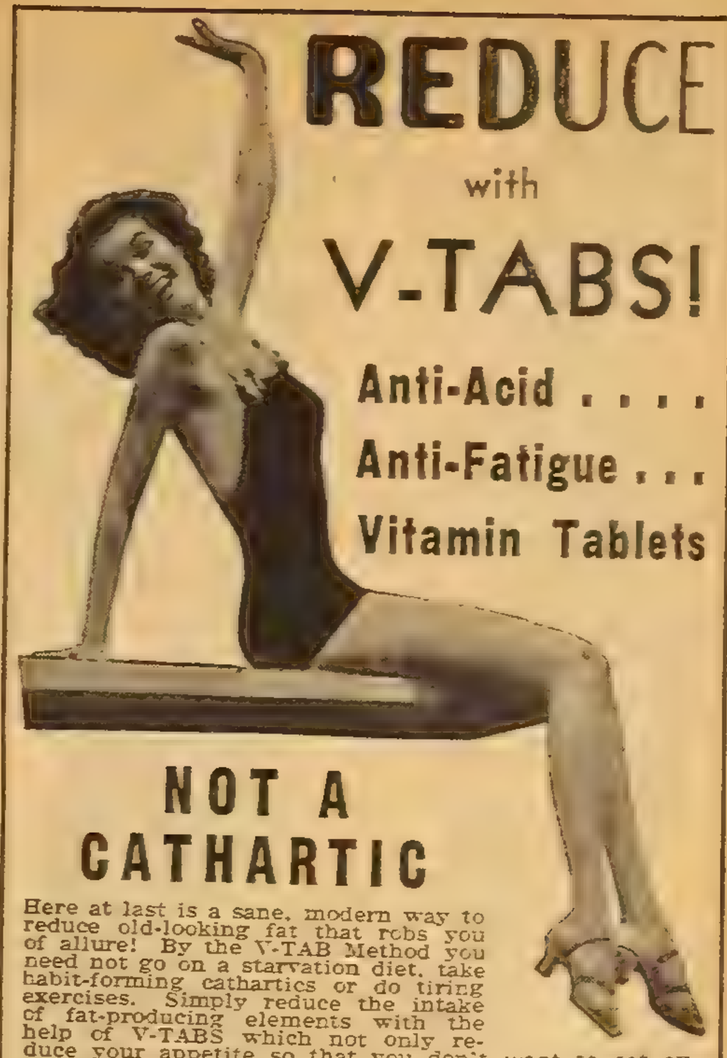
But this was only a minor mishap, to be followed—as in the case of practically all boots—by bigger and better contretemps. One afternoon, on the drill field, the drill officer suggested that Gig take over the column and give the orders. Gig, with the extreme courtesy one uses toward a petty officer, protested that he didn't feel exactly able to put the boots through their paces yet.

"You'll get along swell," the officer said with about 40 times the confidence Gig felt. "I've got some business to attend to. Be back after awhile."

So Gig, assembling his vocabulary of orders, called the first: "Dress, right DRESS!" The men extended their arms and turned their heads to complete the maneuver. There they stood, finger tip to next man's shoulder, a very pretty sight. And there stood Gig, slowly turning to stone. He couldn't remember what to say to get them out of this position.

Days, weeks, centuries and eons passed. Gig knew that if he took a step forward he would fall flat over his long grey beard. At the moment when he was praying to be disintegrated by Buck Rogers or swooped out of the world by Superman, a buddy came to his rescue. In a stage whisper, he fed Gig his next line. A samaritan, brother, a pure, unadulterated samaritan in the flesh.

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A movie was being shown at the base one night, but Gig asked permission to skip it as he had seen the feature previously. He wanted to do his laundry in solitude during the time when the other boots were attending the movie, he explained, so his request was granted by his immediate superior.

He was rushing down the corridor, one arm full of clothes, and a bottle of Clorox under the other, when a petty officer suddenly emerged from the chief's quarters. "Where are you going, mister?"

Gig explained.

"But you're supposed to be seeing a movie with the other men," the petty officer said coldly. "Who gave you permission to be absent?"

Naturally, Gig didn't want to get the subordinate officer into trouble if permission shouldn't have been granted, so he stumbled over a few words, mumbled a few syllables and started to extend one arm in a gesture of pure amnesia as to the officer's name.

The gesture was too wide; the bottle of Clorox, spurting a dozen small rivers of chemical, promptly crashed onto the "deck." Without a word, Gig and the officer darted to the far end of the corridor to get an armload of swabs to clean up the mess.

Vigorously they worked side by side. Some of the Clorox had even seeped under the chief's office door . . . luckily he wasn't there at the time. When the deck was dried, Gig was allowed to go on about his washing without further explanation. Oh, yes, he borrowed the Clorox belonging to another boot.

navy blues . . .

After Gig had completed his three months in boot camp, he knew he would be allowed an occasional week-end pass, so he sent for Sheila who joyously moved north. She finally found an apartment large enough to accommodate herself, the phonograph-recorder she couldn't force herself to store, and the few other things she and Gig really needed to set up wartime housekeeping. Then she settled down to being a Navy wife. She learned in the first two weeks that the greatest problem was loneliness.

If Gig didn't get home for two weeks, that meant day after day of cleaning an already spotless apartment; of cooking for one; of being remote from friends and familiar surroundings; of having too much time to think about her family, who are prisoners in the Philippines. She talked the situation over with another Navy wife with whom she had made friends.

"Why don't you get a job?" the friend asked.

"I'm not much of a commercial asset," confessed Sheila forlornly. "I've never worked, so I don't know a thing about an office."

"You could learn, couldn't you?" encouraged the friend. "It's no trick to learning filing or switchboard operation."

When her friend made an appointment for Sheila with the office manager of a defense plant, she filled out the application forms with a trembling hand and high hopes. The manager said, after scrutinizing Sheila, "I think we can use you. You strike me as being the sort of young woman who will get on well."

Sheila proved, in short order, that she was an exceptional wife in more ways than simply learning business routine in a rush. She has only one ration book, of course, because Gig isn't allowed extra

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

The Men I Love (Betty Hutton) . . ☐
The Beautiful People (Gene Kelly) ☐
Gob and a Girl (Gig Young) ☐
Something for the Girls (Donald O'Connor) ☐
Tyrone Power, Part II ☐
MODERN SCREEN Goes Farming With George Montgomery ☐
"Higher and Higher" ☐
The Christmas Alan Will Never Forget (Ladd) ☐
1944—What Will It Bring? ☐
Big Boy (Sonny Tufts) ☐
Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

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points for his liberty periods. Producing three to five well-balanced meals for two, three, four or five persons every week-end requires ingenuity. The additional members of the Young family—in case you're curious—were acquired by Gig at the base. He couldn't resist bringing home an occasional boot who was lonely.

There was the case of the Sleep Walker. He was placed in an upper bunk, from which he fell with spine-jarring regularity. He took a good deal of kidding, some of it from Seaman Young. However, Gig awakened groggily one night, under the impression that he was at home and started to get up. That first step was a bad one.

The next day he suggested that the sleep walker be a Young house guest over the next week-end. "You can sleep on the couch and spare yourself some bruises," said the prospective host who had learned the hazards of an upper bunk.

With this descent of hungry service men upon her kitchen in mind, Sheila bought up a supply of macaroni and spaghetti. By adding fresh tomatoes, as much hamburger as her red coupons will afford, fresh or canned mushrooms and plenty of seasoning, she keeps a kettle of simmering stuff ready to blitz salty appetites.

Perhaps the greatest change to take place in the lives of Sheila and Gig is their return to comparative anonymity. They had just reached the stage in Hollywood, where they were generally recognized wherever they went. If "Old Acquaintance," the picture in which Gig does such a stratospheric job opposite Bette Davis, had been released before Gig left, he would really have been on the gravy train.

One night he was hitchhiking from the base to town and was picked up by an obviously well-to-do citizen of considerable culture and background. This citizen launched almost immediately into a description of his daughter. She had just appeared in a high school drama. "She's got the stuff. She's an actress, all right," said her fond father. "Why, she's remarkable! Do you know that she memorized 50 pages of script and NEVER FORGOT A LINE."

The father talked on. His daughter was going to a dramatic school next—then she would probably be trained in some little theater. "Provided she doesn't get married," said the father. "That girl will have her name in lights some day."

They drove on in silence for a few yards, then the man asked Gig, "What were you in civilian life?"

"An actor," said Gig.

The man regarded his passenger through pince-nez glasses. "That so? How did you get started?"

"When I was in high school I was in all the plays," Gig explained cautiously.

strictly the ticket . . .

The man cleared his throat after having given Gig another brief glance. "Well," he said comfortingly, "not everyone gets to be tops in that profession. It requires an extra something. Now, that girl of mine . . . she'll have her name in lights some day."

After Gig had thanked the gentleman for the ride, he stood on the corner and watched the sedan roll down the street. "Your name in lights," he said thoughtfully, grinning to remember the watts he had been given for "Air Force."

He adjusted his white cap; he straightened his shoulders. He looked down at his navy blue arm. "Brother," he said, "it's going to be a great day when I get that red chevron and that crow on my sleeve. Yes, sir, a great day. Pharmacist's mate, third class. For Byron Barr, at this time of life, it's strictly the ticket."

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("I Did!" Says Sally Linit)



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(signed) Sally Linit, Brooklyn.

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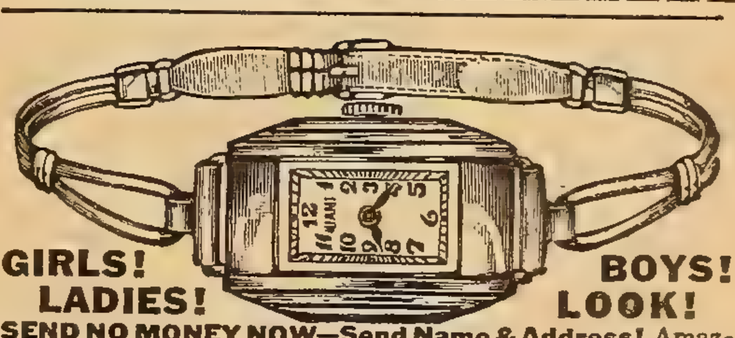
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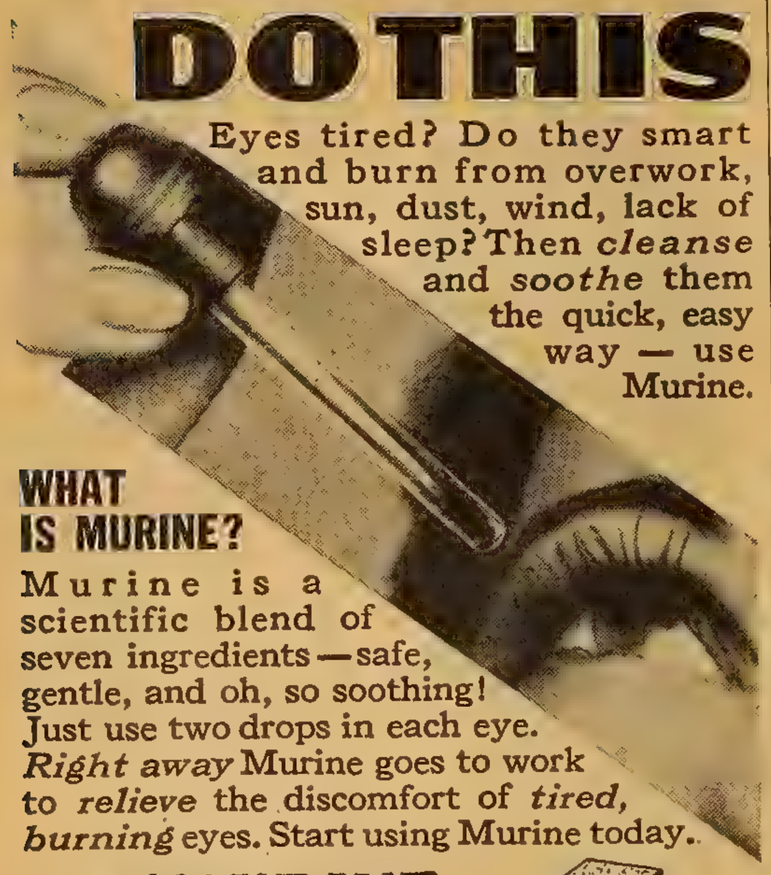
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THE MEN I LOVE

(*Continued from page 25*)

you an official star, like Astaire or Boyer."

The troupe stopped at Washington and sped by taxi to a restaurant. No, they couldn't be served—too many persons waiting ahead of them. They rushed to a second restaurant, to a third, a fourth. Their train was scuffing its heels and snorting with impatience to get away, so the troupe rushed back to the station. Without food. Or water. On they chugged through the hot and muggy afternoon.

At length they reached their station and were taken to a small hotel. It was too late to have dinner. There was but one restaurant in town, and that was closed for the night. It had been 18 hours since any one of the travelers had eaten a bite. Betty struggled upstairs, famished and exhausted, and looked at herself in the mirror. All the curl had slid out of the artificial bangs, and they hung on her nose like a Shetland Pony's mane drips over his forehead.

soldier's lament . . .

It was too, too much. Uttering a wail, Betty collapsed on the bed and had hysterics. So Doris was enlivened by the thought of the corner grocery . . . in a few minutes she returned with a can of milk and a box of shredded wheat biscuits. Betty ate four and went to sleep for 12 hours.

The next morning the girls and their escort were collected by the hospitality committee from a nearby camp and jolted over the scenery in a jeep. They started out, crisp and toothsome as spring lettuce in their spic cotton dresses. Their powder, rouge and lipstick was applied in a way to make G. I. haircuts curl. Oh yes, and those glorious artificial bangs were crinkled and set in place as neat as the fringe on a bright new awning.

The jeep careened, casting up dust. The sun beat down, bringing forth perspiration. The wind blew, trying out encircling movements. By the time the girls arrived at camp, the bangs strongly resembled the twiggy flotsam tossed up by the Mississippi after a flood. "The heck with it," said Betty. "Glamour is a snare and a delusion. From now on it's going to be just the kid herself."

The kid herself did all right. She lost her voice every day because of the abandon with which she entertained the boys. Then, at night when she should have been getting sleep, her hotel room sounded like the inside of a cave during a rock slide because of the uninterrupted knocking. Everyone who could walk in tricornered pants or with two canes wanted an autograph.

She and Doris, after three such nocturnal experiences, perfected a plan. Doris always occupied the room assigned by the hotel clerk to Betty, and vice versa. Doris would open the door and hold a slim forefinger to her lips. "Miss Hutton is in another part of the hotel—asleep. You'd better be quiet or you'll awaken her, even on the next floor. Besides, the rest of the guests are complaining, and you know that if we get thrown out of here, there really isn't any other place to stay."

The nobleness of human nature always won; the callers went away quietly, and Betty—in sleep—reassembled her dispersed voice.

Girls on camp shows soon learn that, in addition to possessing the stamina of a commando, it is useful to employ the tact of a diplomat.

After a performance there were always a dozen elegantly eligible young officers eager to date the star. Doris, small, rounded, dimpled but aggressive, would look up, up, up into the bronzed faces and announce fiercely, "You can't take Betty out unless you take me out, too. That's official. I have to keep an eye on Betty; she's always getting herself into predicaments unless I'm there to protect her."

Results were phenomenal. Brass buttons with honorable intentions laughed and took both girls out on the town; wolves silently slunk away.

Surprises on a trip of this kind are always many. A boy from Brooklyn barged up to Betty one day to demand, "Will you autygraph me arm?" Betty obliged, using his pen which was said to contain indelible ink. The task completed, the overjoyed soldier contemplated his arm with solid satisfaction. "I ain't never going to wash it again," he vowed.

Someone was always saying to Betty, "I was in Philadelphia, when you sang there with Lopez. How are things up in the old town now?" Or it was Cleveland, or Memphis, or Denver or Des Moines. Nearly always Betty could tell them something about the town—the name of the hotel at which she had stayed or the name of a restaurant at which some famed pre-war food could be found. It was a connecting link with home for the homesick kid in khaki.

As Betty came off the platform one night, a dark-eyed boy with a shock of curly hair, took her gently in his arms and kissed her in a manner that would have sent the Hays office reeling for a schooner of smelling salts. The entire episode happened so fast that Betty was unable to forestall it in the first place, and the impact was so profound that it took her a few minutes to begin to struggle, in the second. Then, with words massed on her tongue like bees ready to swarm from an outraged hive, all Betty's ire was dispelled when the boy asked pardon. "You're the first girl I've kissed for nearly a year. And I won a bet big enough to take me home on my next furlough, so I can kiss my real girl," he confessed. "Gosh, you're swell."

Not all the experiences on such a trip are joyous. Betty made it a practice to visit the hospital at each camp; a good many entertainers call on the enlisted men, then rush away for lack of time. Betty refused to discriminate in this way: she visited the officers, too.

As she strolled along one corridor, she spied a man in an oxygen tent, so asked to enter. The nurse considered for a moment. "His condition is critical," she admitted. "The doctor doesn't think there is much hope for him. You see, he's lost interest in everything; he makes no effort to get well. He just lies there without even so much as moving his head if he can avoid it."

conundrumming major . . .

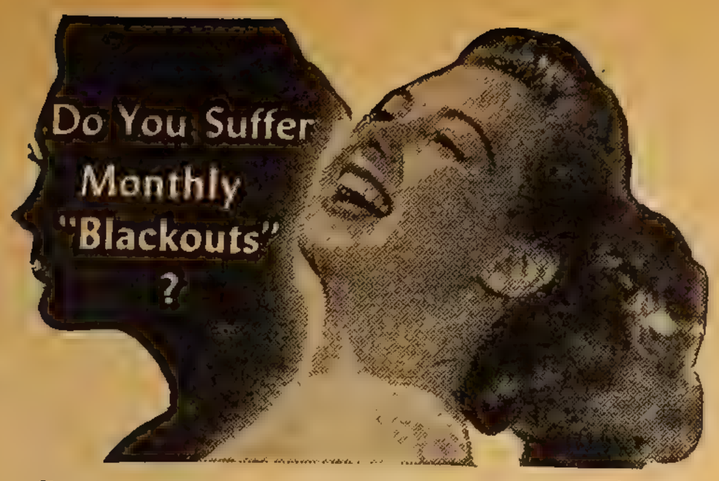
That, Betty had to see. No one can explain those things—least of all peripatetic, hep cat, jitterbug Betty—but it may be that some instinctive thing made her want to share her own boundless energy with the weak and sick.

She tiptoed in, beaming. "Hi, soldier," she said.

"He's a captain," whispered the nurse.

"They should put rank on pajamas, I guess," grinned Betty, saluting. "Where are you from—just give me a hint and see if I can guess the town."

For a moment his eyes wandered away, lack-lustre and dispassionate. Then two



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slight wrinkles appeared over one eyebrow. With difficulty he whispered, "A river named after a state flows beside a capital."

Betty's index finger pointed to her forehead; her features writhed as she smeared thought all over her face. The captain's accent was soft, his voice was easily localized. "That, now," said Betty, imitating the accent, "sounds like Austin, Texas!"

The captain's right hand moved out to take Betty's in congratulation. She chattered. She told about making a personal appearance there. She tramped around the room in a perfect lampoon of a cowboy on Saturday night. Softly she sang, "Hand me down my boots and saddles."

The next day, as Betty was leaving the post, she met the nurse who was off-duty. Jubilantly she told Betty that the captain had eaten what was, for him, a terrific breakfast. His entire condition had improved to the point where the doctor was positive the man would live.

murder, she said . . .

On another occasion the blonde blitz almost lost her zoom. She was rocketing through a ward, stopping at every bed to shake hands with the occupant, finding out where the man had lived, then reminiscing about his home town.

She rushed up to this particular boy and thrust out her hand. He shook his head, then—so that she might not think him ungracious—he lifted the cover with his left hand to reveal a bandaged right stump.

Betty swallowed hard. But her expression didn't change. Pity, she knew, would have hurt him more than he could have endured. The casual attitude, the flippant crack was the only possible refuge. "Gosh, looks to me like you had an accident, bub," she said lightly.

The boy relaxed. He grinned, then laughed. "You've got something there, Betty," he agreed. Abruptly he began to ask her questions about Hollywood . . . about make-up—"I'm lucky, see. Some of the guys had bad luck with their faces."

"Me—I was born that way," opined Betty.

After the trip through the hospital there was usually another camp appearance scheduled for Betty. "Murder, He Says"—sung again and again and again. Sun and sand and wind and applauding waves of khaki. Then the little trains again.

At night, Doris and Betty did their laundry. Doris washed every stitch that the two girls had worn that day. The next morning, Betty did the ironing. This division of labor was arranged by Doris because she hates to iron.

The permanent camps were pure, unadulterated heaven to the troupers. There, they were usually guests at the home of the officers. The wives of officers, Betty came to admire and respect.

She said, getting serious in a manner wholly out of character for a slick-chick musical contortionist, "Doris, these women have some meaning in the world. They have found a way of life that comes as close to happiness as a person can get. They follow their men; they have a society all their own. They make every day count, because they don't know how many or how few such days will be. It takes a lot of love to be an Army officer's wife."

And, later on, Doris learned something else about her amazing friend, Hutton. The entertainers were met at the train of a town of some 10,000 population, by the local service club representatives, all civilians for a change. The girls were welcomed as guests in the homes of local people of prominence.

Standing at a second story window one evening, Betty looked over the lawn below to the border of beeches, and beyond their lavish foliage to the placid, established town beyond.



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On the sidewalk two children were taking turns riding a tricycle, while a third child was pulling his kid sister in a little red wagon. A pretty woman emerged on the porch when a car drove up and called, "Darling, we're out of bread. Do you mind picking up a loaf at the grocery?"

The masculine voice boomed from the car. "Okay. Say, honey, come along with me for the ride."

"This, brother," said Betty in a small voice, "is happiness. When I think sometimes how darned unhappy I can be; when I think of the struggle I've had, and the struggle I'm going to have to keep right on making, I get very, very tired. I mean I really do. These people have everything. A husband and wife really love each other. The kids grow up in happy homes. Everybody belongs to a woman's club, and the country club. They have solidity and permanence. Happiness, kid!"

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

(Continued from page 41)

his script, his bottle of pop and his buttered matzoth. It was while they were playing the borscht circuit that he acquired his passion for buttered matzoth. Every morning Mom cleans the crumbs out of the bed.

He used to start taking his clothes off at the door and finish up in his room, leaving a trail behind. "Saves bother," he'd explain. "Next morning I can put 'em back on the same way." Since they bought the new house, he hangs things up. First, he's got more clothes—described by Mom as all drapes and droops—and he's reached an age where they mean more to him. Second, when a guy has a couple of nice rooms, like his bedroom and playroom, the least he can do is keep things off the floor.

The playroom, glass-enclosed, is his pride and joy. It's done up in rattan now, but Jack gave him a white polar bear rug for his birthday, and rattan doesn't go with polar bear. So after the war he plans to fix it up with brick glass and blue mirrors and modern stuff—that's his idea of gorgeous. Big, beautiful blue mirrors and brick glass and white fur rugs, zowie! They can always stick the rattan in the backyard. It's okay with Mom. She trusts him that much, to let him do what he wants with his own room.

He hates waking up fast. He wants to float for a while. While floating, he croons his favorite Crosby tunes. Sometimes Mom *has* to wake him up fast, so she turns the light on or starts talking to him. He hates having the light turned on, he hates being talked to. "I'm asleep," he growls. "Tell me when I wake up."

Still asleep, he shuffles to the piano and plays his two solos—boogie-woogie and classical. The classical's "Clair de Lune," the boogie-woogie's nameless. Still asleep, he dresses and eats—cornflakes every day in the week. Mom eats with him, but there's little conversation. He's still asleep. He trails the body outdoors, gets into the car, and the miracle happens. The minute he hits the car, he's wide awake.

Cars are to Don what babies are to their mothers. On the one hand, they thrill him to the depths. On the other, he can make them sit up and say momma. Give him a car to build or pull apart, and the world is his. The gift of gifts, on his birthday, came from Mom—a Jaguar '38, righthand drive and all. She meant to surprise him, but got so excited herself that she spilled the beans ahead of time. When the car was delivered, Don circled it for a full five minutes. Then he touched a fingertip to it. Then he grabbed Mom and hugged her. "Now I believe it," he said.

He hadn't been driving it more than a month when someone backed into him in a parking lot and dented a fender. He didn't say a word—just drove out, went half a block, turned round and went gunning back.

"Where you going?" asked Gwen.

"Back to fight."

"What's the sense of that? Why didn't you do it right away if you had to?"

"First I thought, what's the use? Now I've got myself steamed up."

When he gets that tight look on his face, you might as well keep quiet. Gwen kept quiet.

The guy was still there. Don jumped out and pointed to his fender. "See that? See that—?"

"Yes," said the guy. "It's awful."

"I'll say it's awful. That's a new car. If my fender's getting dented, I'd like the pleasure of denting it myself."

"I'm terribly sorry," said the guy. "I'll be glad to pay for it."

"Oh," said Don, climbed in and drove off.

"Feeling better?" asked Gwen.

"No. He was so nice I couldn't start a brawl. But I'm still more mad because I *couldn't* start a brawl."

He hates arguments, but feels the need of a fist fight now and then. Takes it out in boxing at the Y and yearns just once to muss it up in the ring. "Out of town somewhere," he pleads with the powers-that-be. "Under a different name." The idea leaves them cold, so he compensates by going to the matches Friday nights. Gwen doesn't like them, but goes along and hides her face at the worst parts. Don doesn't *act* excited. All he keeps saying is, "Left jab, left jab, left jab."

But then he's just naturally deadpan. He can slay the rest of the crowd without moving a muscle. Like when he imitates an Englishman. Or the time they happened to see a smash-up, and everybody got out and started arguing which car hit which. "Let's draw matzoth," said Don, "and decide." Came the audience response. "Yeah," he agreed, "that was pretty funny. Somebody else should've said it so I could've laughed."

He wants his women to look nice. "If you're coming to the studio," he tells Mom, "wear something young. That hat yesterday looked like you're somebody's gramma."

"I am."

"And what's the idea, did you run out of lip rouge?"

"Oh, get along with you, son. That won't help the wrinkles."

"What wrinkles?" he asks.

"Bless you," she answers.

The dress he likes Gwen best in is the one she wore on their first date—yellow crepe with pleats all round. The suit she likes him best in is a brown-and-white stripe. He used it in "The Third Glory," his coming picture. There's a scene where he was supposed to catch and tear it in

an electric fan. He kept saying "no."

"But why, Don? The studio'll make it good."

"It's not that. Only—well, this is my girl's favorite suit, and I won't tear it. Not for anything."

He's generally late for dates. With the program lined up for him by Universal, he's got so many darn things to do that when he gets home, he's torn two ways. Wants to hurry so he'll be on time, and doesn't want to hurry so he can relax.

Anyway, you can't dress in a hurry. He found a hair on his chin a few months ago and shaved it off. Now he's got enough hairs so he has to shave every day—he thinks. Also he's fussy about the hair on his head—and about his teeth, which he brushes 99 times a day. And he's got to get all the drapes and droops right.

When he finally presents himself at Gwen's door, there's likely to be a box under his arm. Not flowers. Some fuzzy animal. They both love fuzzy animals. Gwen's bed is piled high with specimens brought by Don. You can't be too sore at a boy who brings you an animal.

BIG BOY

(Continued from page 27)

face. "Sonny Tufts," he said before he could catch himself and blushed purple. Made a quick recovery, though. Hanging on to the diploma as though loath to hand it over, he eyed the young giant sardonically. "I'd never have believed it," quoth President Seymour.

It took a good five minutes for the howls to die down, and no one howled any louder than Bowen Charleton III. Except for anthropology, his major, he'd gone clipping through college at a fast 61. Too busy rowing, playing football and organizing bands.

Among his curiosities, he preserves the letter his mother wrote him when he announced that he was going to Yale. The first Tufts settled in Winchester 300 years ago, and the family hasn't moved three square miles since. So Harvard's been a tradition with them. Sonny plumped for Yale, because that's where his crowd at Exeter was going. "Yale," wrote his mother in stately measures, "may be for some people. Not for us."

Mother's a Beacon Street stalwart, and Sonny gets a bang out of her ways—especially since he broke loose at the age of 14. (They amused him less when he wanted to play football Saturday afternoons and had to go riding instead, because nice boys went riding.) A year ago he was doing night-club work. When people inquired, Mother'd go vague on them. "Oh, we don't know exactly where Sonny is just now—down in New York somewhere, doing something or other—. Tell me, how was the season at Newport last summer?"

"So Proudly We Hail" brought her 'round. The home town turned out in style for the local boy. Sirens and police escorts. Cameras and reporters and yelling crowds. Two lines of ushers to get Kansas out of the theater in one piece. Mother was impressed. The cameramen wanted pictures of her meeting with Sonny, and she played up like one to the business born.

Dad was a different proposition. All that mattered to Dad was guts. A banker himself, he *did* tentatively suggest that his elder son might like to follow in his footsteps. When Sonny pointed out that he couldn't even keep his checkbook straight so how could he be a banker, Dad conceded the point.

pizzicato on the catgut . . .

Music was Sonny's line. He got a mandolin the Christmas he was eight, and his uncle taught him to play "Down by the Stream where I First Met Rebecca." From there he was off. Banjo, sax, guitar, piano and on up to string instruments. When he started organizing bands, he settled for the drums, which were easiest and made the most noise. His first singing models were Eddie Cantor, Bea Lillie and the Duncan Sisters.

He sang with the Trinity choir. Mother thought that was lovely. She thought it revolting when he learned all the songs from "Topsy and Eva." Dad roared, got him to the piano when people were at the house. The showdown came the summer he was 14.

Tito Bruin was a Harvard boy who liked Sonny's work on the drums. He had a band set for a Mediterranean cruise. "How'd you like to make the trip with us, kid?" Sonny would have made a trip to the moon with big Irish Tito—a swell pianist, a guy who said phooey! to society stuff. Besides, he was flattered.

tramp in white linen . . .

That started the pattern, which continued through Exeter and Yale. At college he organized his own band for the cruises. Winters they'd play at girls' schools, at proms and house parties. Summers they'd sail the southern seas, get off at Naples, play Rome, Florence, Venice and catch the boat back at Trieste. Once he missed the boat and shrank from wiring home for money. Money meant nothing to Dad, but initiative meant a lot.

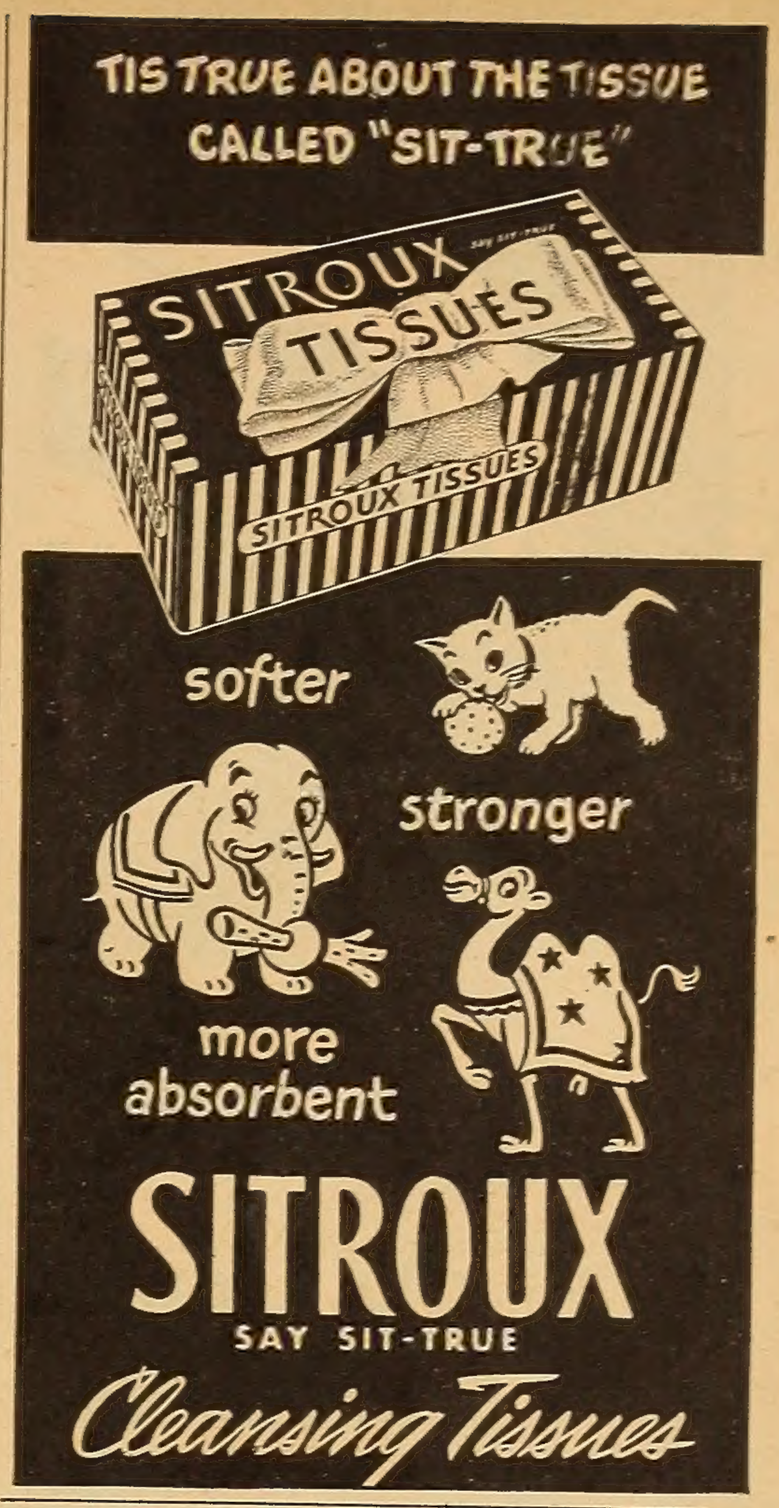
In one white suit he took himself to Barcelona and hired out as stoker on a tramp. Only thing—he forgot to ask where the boat went from there. It went around Spain, by river to Seville, down to Casablanca and the Gold Coast. He likes to remember that he hit Casablanca before FDR or Humphrey Bogart.

The next turn came because Tito Schipa was on board the summer of his junior year and because Sonny got a little high one night. If he hadn't been high, he wouldn't have found the nerve to approach Señor Schipa after the ship's concert. "I'd like to do opera," he said.

"There's just one way to do it. Study."

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So when they landed, Sonny checked his drums in and, as they were crossing the bridge, dropped the check into the water. There's nothing like recognizing your own weaknesses. He knew he'd never have the heart to sell the drums.

No drums, no band. He studied opera instead through his senior year. Then to Paris for more study. Then to New York, where his ambitions got a sudden shot in the arm.

A friend of his knew Earl Lewis, assistant director at the Met. Lewis happened to let fall a testy remark. "Where are all these American tenors you hear about?"

"I know one," said the friend promptly.

"Tell him to come down."

In a blue funk, the operatic aspirant tried to wiggle out of it. His sponsor led him by the hand to the stage of the Metropolitan. In the glare of a spotlight, with terror beating his brains out, he sang. Apparently his voice was unaffected. They said it was fine. They told him to come back after he'd studied some French and Italian roles. Mother was elated. She phoned every week to find out why he wasn't at the Met yet. This time it was Dad who seemed a little leery.

Dad would have enjoyed the outcome of the story, but he didn't live to see it. He died while Sonny was still doing this opera stuff and left a trust fund which made possible further lessons at 15 bucks a throw. Meantime Sonny had practically immured himself behind a brownstone front, where he pecked out scores with one finger.

In the midst of all this, Leonard Sillman offered him a spot in "Who's Who." If the truth must be told, Sonny was growing weary of the Spartan life. Its rigidity cramped his natural spirits. To make the Met, he'd have to go on studying for another two years.

He did all right in musicals. He did all right at night clubs. But not till he took Dad's advice, did he go over big. "There are one million voices in these United States," said Tufts to Tufts. "Get yourself something special." So, tongue in cheek, he sat down and wrote a little fantasy about a cowboy who first got tangled up, then fed up with a society dame. He wove it through a medley of cowboy songs, presented the number in his big bashful way and plunk! he was a headliner, pulling down three times as much as any but the top singers at the Met. Which failed to console Mother.

Meantime he'd married. There was this girl in "Who's Who" he'd been traveling around with. She ups and introduces him to Barbara Dare, her best friend. One look at the tall, soft-eyed brunette, and brother, that was all! Four months later they hustled over to New Jersey and got married. Officially, Sonny was still studying for the opera, so they thought they might as well keep it to themselves for a while.

They came out to California with an angel and a hotel manager. Alexis Thompson was the angel. He'd been a year behind Sonny at Yale and thought his friend ought to be in pictures. Not only thought it, but did something about it. "I'm going out to California on my last fling before I join the Army. I'll take you and Barbara along. I'll get someone to act as your nursemaid, front for you at the studio—Jack Donnelly, say. I'll sign a contract with you and pay you a salary. That way, you don't have to let them push you around. Just sit till they offer you something good."

Jack Donnelly's a little red-faced Irishman. Having spent his life in hotel business, he's innocent of the subtleties of the movie game. So he pushed right into Joe Egli's office at Para., Sonny trailing right behind.

"This is my friend, Sonny Tufts. He'd like to be in movies."

"Would he now," said Joe.

Sonny blushed and headed for the door, where Egli nailed him with an appraising sweep from head to toes. "No harm in giving your friend a test," he observed.

For his singing test Sonny did the cowbody medley. For a dramatic test, they gave him something vaguely familiar and stood his hair on end—"we have only ten days—let's make them bubble like vintage champagne—"

"I'm strictly a lunk," he groaned, "—a cigarette-in-the-side-of-the-mouth-guy. I can't talk like that—"

"Talk," they said.

So he gagged it.

mock romeo . . .

Two executives watched the test run off. One scratched his ear. "Either the guy's sensational or he stinks. I can't figure which."

"Let's figure why they gave him Charles Boyer dialogue from 'Love Affair,' and we may get the answer."

The answer came out right. They signed him. Mark Sandrich gave him the star-building part of Kansas in "So Proudly We Hail." At the preview, his first appearance was greeted by silence. When he lumbered on for the second time, they took the roof off—RKO snatched him for "Government Girl." Sandrich grabbed him back to play opposite Goddard in "When I Come Back." He and Barbara are in San Francisco now, where most of the picture's being shot.

You wouldn't think it to look at her, but Barbara's domestic. With her height, her dark beauty, her smooth Spanish hairdo, she suggests the exotic. Instead, she's incurably sweet and feminine—the Melanie type, her husband calls her. He has yet to meet the person she dislikes or criticizes.

Only one thing bothers Sonny. Movie stars are supposed to be immaculate. He thinks that's a pain in the neck. He'd sooner have a tooth or his appendix out, than his nails manicured. He went through "Government Girl" in one pair of shoes and never had 'em shined. His hands are always grubby, his hair's always mussed. When it gets too bad, Barbara takes a comb to it.

In New York he blew his topper and invested in a fancy suit of pajamas. They lie unmolested in his drawer, while he goes to bed in a broken-down T-shirt.

"Fine thing," says his wife. "What did you buy them for?"

"To wear when I play my next Boyer part," grins Kansas.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 12)

1. Lana Turner
2. Jane Wyman
3. Ray Milland
4. Joan Fontaine
5. Paul Muni
6. Barbara Stanwyck
7. Dorothy Lamour
8. Fredric March
9. Roddy MacDowall
10. Jane Withers
11. Nelson Eddy
12. Judy Canova
13. Rochester
14. James Stewart
15. Deanna Durbin
16. Marlene Dietrich
17. Kay Kyser
18. Carole Landis
19. Paul Lukas
20. Joan Leslie

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